

# THE LIVING AGE.

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\* This is by Mr. Stirling, author of a work on the last days of Charles V. We refrained from copying it when it first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, having been told that the author would correct and revise it for the work in which it now appears. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is published in this country by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., to whom we are indebted for this article.

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## SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

BESIDE the hearth there is an hour of dreaming,  
A calm and pensive solitude of soul,  
When life and death have each another seeming,  
And thoughts are with us owning no control.  
These are the spirits, memory's revealing,  
In deep solemnity they rise and fall,  
Shrouding the living present, and concealing  
The world around us—shadows on the wall.

Hopes, like the leaves and blossoms, rudely  
shaken

By cruel winds of winter, from the tree  
Of our existence; phantoms that awaken  
Wild passing gleams of joy's young ecstasy;  
And love, once kind and tenderly outpouring  
Her wine into our souls, we may recall,  
And find them dear and ever heavenward soaring,

Though only now as shadows on the wall.

Old clasping hands, old friendships and affec-  
tions

Once bodied forms beside us on the earth,  
Come back to haunt us, ghostly recollections  
With mystic converse by the silent hearth.  
Yet these are kindly spirits, and retiring  
Draw their long shadows slowly from the  
wall,

And visit us in peace and gentleness, inspiring  
A hope that brings the sunshine after all.

—All the Year Round.

## FOLDED HANDS.

SUFFERER! on thy couch of pain,  
Hail the hour of ease again;  
Long by mortal sickness tried,  
By thy sufferings purified,  
Heir of sorrow from thy birth,  
Of the pains and throes of earth,  
Fold thy hands!

Respite brief of ease and rest,  
Fold them o'er thine aching breast.

Woman! o'er whose sunken eyes,  
The last rushlight glimmer dies,  
Lay thine ill-paid toil away,  
Till the morning's hungry day;  
Seek the respite and release  
Heaven will give in dreams of peace.

Fold thy hands!  
Earth denies thee food, not rest,  
Fold them o'er thy patient breast!

Garment of a soul laid by,  
Silent lips and rayless eye,  
Now these mortal hands lay down,  
Spade or distaff, cross or crown;  
Freed one! fresh from care and strife,  
Finished is thy sum of life:

Fold thy hands!  
Ere thou seek'st thy long, last rest,  
Fold them o'er thy pulseless breast!

—All the Year Round.

## A GOOD-NIGHT.

“——— γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον.”

SLEEP sound, dear love! Though the winds be  
high,  
And the dark clouds drift through the troubled  
sky:

Though the rising waters foam and roar,  
And mournfully howl round the tortured shore;  
Ill sounds from thy slumbers be far away,  
And soft be thy dreams as a summer's day.

Sleep sound! Though the world be weary with  
fears,

And eyes that love thee be sad with tears,  
Yet never a sorrow break thy rest,  
And never a pang shoot through thy breast;  
No shadow pass o'er thy closed eyes,  
But their visions be visions of Paradise.

Sleep sound, sweet love! Till the morning's  
light

Lead up a new day with its fresh delight;  
Till the welcome sun, as it mounts above,  
Recall thee to duty and peace and love,  
To a calm existence, untouched by strife,  
And the quiet round of a holy life!

—Fraser's Magazine.

C. A. L.

## THE HUGUENOT MAIDEN.

## A PICTURE.

FAIR girl! whose beauty ranks not with  
Earth's common loveliness,  
Thy saintly face has silent power  
To purify and bless.

Thy voiceless lips speak in clear tones  
Their tender homily,  
And tell the unutterable peace  
Of all who are like thee.

Some pure-browed angel, snowy white—  
Whose wings flash golden gleams—  
Must hover near to shed that light:  
Which softly round thee streams.

In the hot, dusty march of life  
A passing thought of thee  
Would be a cup of water held  
In thy meek hands for me.

If chafed and torn to fretfulness,  
And feeling all unblest,  
To stand before thy tranquil face  
Would soothe me into rest.

Sweet girl, I go, but take with me  
The love-gift thou hast given—  
That earthly beauty may be made  
A golden bridge to heaven.

—Fraser's Magazine.

J. E. JACKSON.

From The Universal Review.

### THE STORY OF MICROSCOPICAL DISCOVERY.

To any person even but superficially familiar with the wonders disclosed by the microscope, it must seem very surprising that such a source of entertainment, and so powerful an instrument of scientific research, should have been almost entirely neglected during a century and a half after its powers had first been made public. Here was in good earnest the "Invisible World Displayed;" and people, after gaping at it, went their way unconcerned. Every drop of water, every leaf, insect, or patch of mould, offered innumerable objects of contemplation, not less surprising than those which the unassisted eye could discover in river, forest, or meadow; a world of the infinitely little, which proved to be infinitely complex and marvellous; yet the instrument which disclosed these was set aside like a nine days' wonder; and even the discoveries which had been made by it, fell out of the traditions of science, and were so completely forgotten that reputations in our own day have been made by the announcement of novelties familiar to Malpighi and Leeuwenhoek. The history of science has few episodes more difficult of explanation than this. The telescope from the first exercised a spell over the imagination. It has never ceased to find patient laborers devoting themselves to it. But although the microscope is no less puissant in the hands of science, and performs for the invisibly minute, what the telescope performs for the invisibly distant, it has never acted so powerfully on the imaginations of men. A feeling not unallied to contempt rises in the mind of many at the idea of seriously studying objects so excessively minute that a single drop of water will contain a thousand or more, all actively engaged in feeding, fighting, and propagating. The planetary masses, merely because they are enormous masses, and are at enormous distances, appear stupendous, although we can know nothing more of them than their size and orbit. But if size is the measure of interest, man will make but a poor figure in the universe; and if life must ever be intensely interesting because it is life, and seems to come more directly from the fountain of all life, the instrument which widens our acquaintance with organic exist-

ences, and partially lifts the veil thick-folded over organic processes, cannot help exercising a fascination over us. And this, indeed, is now the case. We can bring no charge against the present century of having neglected microscopical research. In the history of science, the last twenty-five years will deserve to be named the microscopic epoch, so numerous have been the researches, and so brilliant the discoveries of that period. Yet why the wave of progress was so long retarded,—why after Malpighi, Leeuwenhoek, and Hewson, there was so little done, until Vaucher, Gleichen, Ehrenberg, and Schwann,—remains a problem for the historian. This story we propose to narrate. It has probably been better narrated *somewhere*, before; but as we have not been able to meet with any but the meagrest outline, we may not unreasonably presume that our readers are by no means in possession of all the information here brought together.

Whenever a discovery is firmly established, there is an irrepressible desire on the part of a certain class of minds to find out that the ancients were perfectly familiar with it. These minds cannot accept the fact of progress. They love to prove that the ancients knew whatever was worth knowing. In proving this, they overlook the fact that they are proving their own strange stupidity; since if the admirable Aristotle, or the divine Plato, really knew "all about" this surprising invention, which is captivating the attention of the world, these devout students of Aristotle and Plato might have told us so long ago, and saved the world much wandering in ignorance. With respect to the microscope, these lauders of the days that are gone, cannot indeed pretend that the Greeks and Romans made any discoveries with it; but they pretend—and with some show of reason—that the microscope, *i.e.*, a magnifying glass, was known. There are disputes among the learned as to what amount of knowledge was possessed by the ancients of the optical principles involved in the construction of a simple lens; but if they had glass at all, they could not have avoided stumbling on the fact, which every schoolboy discovers, and which is thus mentioned by Seneca, in a passage greatly paraded by the advocates in favor of ancient knowledge:—"However small and obscure the writing may be, it appears larger and

clearer when viewed through a globule of glass filled with water." This fact is vulgar enough; but the question really is, *Did* the ancients apply such instruments to the purposes of science? And the answer is an emphatic, No.

Our story begins with Malpighi and Leeuwenhoek, and dates nearly two centuries back. Marcellus Malpighi, whom Schleiden says we must credit with a more comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the intimate structure of plants than was possessed by any botanist before the beginning of this century, and who had anticipated many of our discoveries, was a celebrated anatomist, whose works are even now worthy of study. He was born at Crevalcuore, near Bologna, in 1628. In the university of that city he studied medicine, as it was then taught, dissecting in private, and trying to understand something of the structure of plants and animals. His discoveries were numerous and important. Let us, by way of example, mention that of the capillary blood-vessels.\* Harvey had convinced the world that the blood which left the heart passed along the arteries to the various parts of the body, and that from the various parts of the body it passed along the veins back again to the heart. Harvey had demonstrated this novel and most important fact; but he was unable to say *how* it was that the blood which was in the arteries, passed from them into the veins; and although we cannot pause here to explain the absolute necessity, for a scientific theory, that such a course should be demonstrated, the reader will understand that without this demonstration Harvey's immortal discovery wanted a final touch. This demonstration was ready when the microscope came to be applied. Of that wonderful instrument, Harvey knew nothing; nor did he live to hear of the capillaries which it was to reveal, and which were to exhibit, to all who chose to look, how the blood passed from arteries to veins in one uninterrupted network of vessels. Malpighi showed these vessels communicating between arteries and veins in the lungs of a frog.

Another of Malpighi's discoveries was the existence of papillæ, as organs of touch on the surface of the tongue, and similar, though smaller organs of the same kind on

the skin. Indeed, it is to him that we owe the main part of our knowledge of the skin, and the network which still bears his name—*rete Malpighii*—he proved to be the seat of the black color of the negro, and the various complexions of mankind. Passing over his other anatomical contributions we may mention his discovery of the *stigmata* and *tracheæ*—the air vessels—of insects; and of the nervous system of insects. He also successfully applied the microscope to embryology. Harvey, who had so well described the development of the chick, was necessarily limited to those more obvious phases which can be seized by the naked eye. The application of the microscope opened a new and immense field; but in spite of the immensity of this field and the importance of embryology, it was reserved for our own epoch to make the microscope do proper duty. There is something inexplicable in the neglect of microscopic research altogether; but in the field of embryology its neglect is even more surprising—as we learn, now that the labors of hundreds have been so steadfastly given in this direction, and with results so profoundly interesting. Here, as elsewhere, we see Malpighi opening a path which successors looked at, but refused to walk on.

The structure of plants was also investigated by Malpighi, although more successfully by our countryman Grew, who preceded him by a few years, and who established the sexuality of plants, and the importance of the anthers. It is amusing to read in Cuvier's history, that not only was the existence of the tracheæ of plants doubted and denied so late as 1711, but that in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences*, one author contemptuously declares that the microscope enables you to see whatever you wish to see.\*

And this is true: but it is no reproach to the microscope; the reproach is to the human mind; for with the unassisted eye men see, or refuse to see, according as theory, prejudice, or indolence direct; and so far from the microscope being an instrument we should distrust, because its reports are uncertain, we think there are many reasons for believing that it is even more trustworthy than the naked eye. How difficult it is to

\* Malpighi, *Opera Omnia*. Vol. ii. p. 327. *Epist. de Pulmonibus*, addressed to Borelli.

\* Cuvier's *Hist. des Sciences Naturelles*. Vol. ii. p. 477.



judge accurately of any unfamiliar object by sight alone, must be known to every one. We only trust our sight, when the other senses have confirmed it. That the square tower appears round at a distance, and would always be considered round, could we not approach it, is no argument against the trustworthiness of vision. The report of sight is in each case a true report. It tells how an object *appears* under certain conditions; what that object *is*, it cannot tell; nor can any other sense. Thus also with the microscope: we change the focus, just as we walk nearer to the tower, and the appearance is changed. This change of appearance enables us to judge. Besides the alterations in the focus, we have various other means of testing the accuracy of our interpretations; and these means, coupled with the extreme *caution* which is necessarily engendered by the use of an instrument so unlike that of our ordinary senses, make us really less liable to be deceived as to a matter of fact, than we are when using ordinary sight alone. Few men doubt their eyesight, or think it necessary to control its reports. All men doubt what the microscope shows, and feel control of some kind necessary.

This will appear obvious enough to the reader who is already versed in microscopic study; but we have thought it desirable to dwell on the point, because the absurd notion of the untrustworthiness of microscopes has from the first hampered the spread of knowledge, and given indolence a facile but foolish argument. Among the many rash statements which Mr. Buckle has allowed himself to make on subjects of which he is ignorant—to the detriment of his otherwise remarkable work—is one on this very point. He boldly says that the "Microscope is even now so inaccurate an instrument, that when a high power is employed, little confidence can be placed in it;"\* a sentence which betrays that he never used a microscope at all. The difficulty with high powers now is that the field of vision becomes so much smaller, and the light so much feebler, not that the objects are inaccurately reflected; whatever you can see with a high power, you see as accurately as with a low power; and there is much which the high power brings for the first time within sight. Were it otherwise, an eye would be more accurate than a lens, a lens than a microscope; the reverse is true: that is the most accurate which presents the largest number of the actual details of observation.

\* Buckle's *Civilization in England*. Vol. i. p. 156.

Are, then, microscopists agreed among themselves? By no means. Is not this disagreement to be laid to their microscopes? By no means: it must be laid to their minds. The disagreement does not turn on matters of fact, but on the *interpretations* of the appearances. One man does not say that where another man tells us a fibre runs, *nothing* whatever can be seen; he merely says, the *fibre* is a *tube*. If you mistake a *globule* for a *cell*, the fault is not in your microscope, but in your interpretation. If where you see *pores* I see nothing but *spots*, our difference, great as it is, is no reproach to our instruments. This is only another way of putting the old remark, that it is the mind behind the eye, and not the eye, which sees; and as the majority of minds employed in scientific research are not, perhaps, the clearest and the strongest, it is not improbable that at times they *may* see not quite accurately.

Leeuwenhoek, to whom science is indebted for so many admirable observations, and who is the second hero of our story, was annoyed by this incredulity, which was indeed excusable in those days. People who had never seen the marvels he disclosed, took upon themselves to assert that they were not possible; denial was easier than trial, and they chose the easier course. In his eighty-fifth year, after relating with great precision what he had observed of the structure of nerves—an observation by which Ehrenberg was to gain glory in our day—he adds, "I am sensible that what I relate here will not be credited by some persons, who are persuaded that what I advance cannot be proved by experiments or observations; but these sort of objections weigh very little with me. I am indeed, by the vulgar, treated as a conjurer, and that I publish descriptions of objects that do not exist in nature, but we will leave these men to talk in their own way."\* The history of science shows that the readiness with which men reject new discoveries is in exact proportion to the readiness with which they accept established errors: they deny, and they assert, equally without evidence.

Leeuwenhoek was born in 1632, at Delft, in Holland, where he gained a livelihood, and his first celebrity as a glass polisher, his lenses being the best then made. One of his rivals in that art was Benedict Spinoza, who, however, contented himself with polishing lenses, and did not use them. Leeuwenhoek used them incessantly, and made such discoveries with them, that De Graaf introduced him to the notice of our Royal Society; and to that body all his works were communicated. His instruments are still in possession of the society to which he bequeathed

\* Leeuwenhoek's *Select Works*. Vol. ii. p. 304.

them, and his discoveries are recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Baker, in his *Microscope made Easy*, 1774, says:—

“The famous microscopes of Mr. Leeuwenhoek are the most simple possible, being only a single lens set between two plates of silver perforated with a small hole, with a movable pin before it to place the object on and adjust it to the eye of the beholder. Several writers represent the glasses Mr. Leeuwenhoek made use of in his microscopes to be little globules, or spheres of glass; which mistake most probably arises from their undertaking to describe what they have never seen.”

Leeuwenhoek was a microscopist *pur sang*. He was incessantly at work, incessantly observing new details and recording them, and seldom taking the other intellectual labor, which can alone make microscopy a science; namely, the generalization of these details. He made bricks, but built nothing; and although the bricks were for the most part good bricks, serviceable, and are still far from deserving contempt, yet, probably owing to that very want of architectural genius, his labors found few followers. Ranging over the vegetable and animal world, he pointed out new and surprising facts, and pointed out the paths on which more might be discovered. He knew more about the blood than was known to eminent physiologists at the commencement of this century. He described the structure of hairs, skin, scales, muscular fibre, nervous fibre, spermatozoa, seeds of plants, areolar tissue, and twenty other objects. He described and figured the various organs of insects and smaller animals. He revealed to the world the wonders of animalcule existence, and combated the doctrine of spontaneous generation, by showing that even the minutest animals laid eggs. To any person familiar with microscopic observation and with the rarity of an original observation on the part of those who have been taught the use of the instrument, it will ever appear admirable how Leeuwenhoek, with his imperfect instruments, could have worked out so much that was new and true. If he sometimes let his imagination get the better of him, and see what the eye could not, that is no more than others have done since; and he had this further excuse, that, moving amid wonders, his mind was disposed to ever fresh wonderment, while the obstinate incredulity of men respecting things which were unequivocally visible, made him less regard any other incredulity.

“I have often heard,” he says, “that many persons dispute the truth of what I advance in my writings, saying that my narrations concerning animalcules, or minute living creatures, are merely of my own invention. And it seems

some persons in France have even ventured to assert that these are not in truth living creatures which I describe as discoverable to our sight, and allege that after water has been boiled, these particles in it which I pronounce to be animalcules will still be observed to move. The contrary of this, however, I have demonstrated to many eminent men, and I will be bold to say that those gentlemen who hold this language have not attained to a degree of proficiency to observe such objects truly. For my own part, I will not scruple to assert that I can clearly place before my eye the smallest species of those animalcules, and can as plainly see them endowed with life, as with the naked eye we behold small flies or gnats sporting in the open air, though these animalcules are more than a million of times smaller than a large grain of sand. For I not only behold their motions in all directions, but I also see them turn about, remain still, and sometimes expire; and the larger kinds of them I as plainly perceive running along as we do mice with the naked eye. Nay, I see some of them open their mouths and move the organs or parts within them; and I have discovered hairs at the mouths of some of these species though they were some thousand degrees less than a grain of sand.”

The *hairs* here alluded to are the *cilia*, which serve as arms, legs, and food purveyors to the infusoria, and which line the orifices of our own bodies.

Leeuwenhoek exaggerated his estimate of the minuteness of these animalcules; but his mode of computation is interesting, and has served as the guide for our own micrometers.

“In examining the intestines of flies and other insects,” he says, “I have discovered vessels conveying the blood and other juices, the smallest ramifications or branches whereof appeared to me more than two hundred thousand times less than a hair of my beard. And I will here explain how I compute this proportion, which to many may appear wonderful. I have a plate of copper with many lines engraven on it and divided into an equal number of small parts. I then carefully observe how many of these parts one hair taken from my beard and seen through the microscope appears to cover. Supposing that the diameter of this hair when magnified appears equal to fifty of these parts, then with the point of a needle I trace on the copper a line of the size, by the same naked eye, as is equal to one of those small vessels in a fly seen through the microscope, and I find that nine of these small lines so traced with a needle, when placed together, are a fiftieth part of the diameter of the hair. If, then, four hundred and fifty diameters of these small vessels which I most plainly see in a fly are no more than equal to the diameter of one hair taken from my beard, it follows by the rules of arithmetic that one of such hairs is more than two hundred thousand times greater than those very small blood-vessels in a fly.”

Leeuwenhoek will live in history long after more brilliant minds have been forgot-

ten, because the world is ever ready to acknowledge *work done*, and is naturally indifferent to splendid *promises* of work. It has been truly said, that we must forever marvel how this painstaking observer could, with the instruments at his command, have seen so much, and seen so well, that it is dangerous for any microscopist even now to announce a discovery without having first consulted Leeuwenhoek's works, to be sure that no anticipation of it already exists there. A good example of this may be seen in his anticipation of what modern histologists have announced in the texture of the nervous system, for while it is indubitable that he describes the primitive nerve-fibres as tubes, it seems also scarcely doubtful that he means the nerve cells when he speaks of the large globules.

But beyond all comparison greater than Leeuwenhoek is his contemporary, Swammerdam, "l'auteur le plus étonnant sur toute l'anatomie des petits animaux," as Cuvier calls him, and who ought to have rescued the microscope from becoming a philosophical toy, since his own applications of it were in the strictest sense scientific. As an anatomist and naturalist, it is impossible to form an idea of the greatness of Swammerdam unless you have dissected and observed *after him*. A mere reading of the *Biblia Naturæ*, or a casual inspection of its admirable plates, will assure the naturalist that he is in the presence of one of the master workers, whose labors are imperishable; but it is only after yourself going over some of the ground that you can appreciate the labor by the accuracy implied. Had Swammerdam never employed the microscope with such success, we might have attributed the neglect into which that instrument fell to the absence of any scientific impulsion; since no amount of detached observations, such as those of Leeuwenhoek, could exercise much influence on the public mind. In the presence of Swammerdam, however, we are forced to assign some other cause. The cause lies deeper than any individual influence. It was the profound ignorance of the philosophic bearing of Natural History. The idea of rendering human physiology more intelligible, by means of animal physiology, had not found the universal acceptance which meets it now; man had not reached the height of the generalization that all organic processes must be fundamentally similar, and that the best way of learning them was to master the simplest first. Man was isolated. It seemed like an encroachment on his prerogative to hint that he was in any respect an animal. And so long as animal life was supposed to be essentially different from human life, the

study of it, although interesting perhaps to unoccupied minds, was necessarily thought unworthy of philosophic gravity. It was an amusement; it could not become a science. That we are not exaggerating the effect of this prejudice, or rather of this want of a true conception, in withholding from zoology its philosophic dignity, and, through that, in concealing the immense scientific importance of the microscope, may be seen in the fact that it is to natural theology we are greatly indebted for a continuance of the study of the simpler animals, at a period when their scientific value was unknown. In the marvelous display of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator in the structure and functions of even the minutest animals, natural theology found a source of eloquence and interest which gave to the study of organic life a dignity and a purpose that it would otherwise have wanted, at a period when the scientific dignity of that study was unsuspected; and it is even now owing to this interest that the study is chiefly pursued in England. All sciences need some extraneous attraction at first. Chemistry would never have been studied had not alchemy lured adventurous minds with its magnificent prospects; and now that a scientific interest has been developed, men not only perceive that to make gold would be quite an insignificant aim for the chemist, but they perceive that the discovery of the laws of molecular combination is in itself reward magnificent enough for any amount of labor. Astronomy in like manner owes its existence to astrology; and zoology to natural theology. As an amusement, zoology, though attractive, would never have exercised much sway over the energies of mankind. There are many other sources of amusement, at once more accessible and more pleasurable; but when there came to be added to the interest excited by new and rare facts, and strange forms of existence, the interest of a philosophic, or theologic, argumentation, a sudden splendor fell upon the study.

In the first paragraphs of his great work, Swammerdam declares that the organization of the minute animals is even more wonderful, and more expressive of divine benevolence than that of the highest animals. It is true that in after life, when he had embraced the religious views of the mystical Madame Bourignon, whom he met in his voyage to France, he thought this prying into the secrets of nature was a profanation of the sanctity of creation; but throughout his anatomical writings we see him animated by a religious aim.

Although Swammerdam was pre-eminently an anatomist, and only used the microscope as one of his accessories, never di-

rectly making microscopy the labor of his days, he deserves a first rank in our history, because he showed to what serious scientific purposes that instrument could fitly be applied. Another investigator deserves also to be named, Roesel von Rosenhof, usually called simply Roesel, whose large work *Insekten-belustigungen*, is a repertory of excellent observation; and Lyonnet, whose anatomy of the caterpillar, is a marvel of patient labor. A passing word of praise to Baker and Needham leads us to Hewson, whose description of the blood-discs has left little even for moderns to improve; and to Gleichen, who is the precursor of Ehrenberg, and who not only studied the animalcules more closely than any of his predecessors, but invented the ingenious and useful method of natural injections, so to speak, by feeding the animalcules on colored substances.

Nevertheless, although from time to time the microscope was used and did good service, the period extending between Leeuwenhoek and Ehrenberg is singularly barren, and no one could ever have dreamed that this instrument would one day become so puissant. Ehrenberg once more startled the world by revelations of the "infinitely little." Dujardin followed. Soon the scientific men of Europe were on the alert, combating or confirming what the German and the Frenchman asserted, and since then the microscope has had its thousands of cultivators. Ehrenberg was born at Delitsch, in Prussian Saxony, on the 19th of April, 1795. He early made a voyage to the East with the traveller Hemprich. In this voyage he collected a vast amount of scientific material, which may be found in his celebrated *Symbolæ Physicæ, seu Icones et Descriptiones Animalium ex Itinere per Africam borealem et Asiam occidentalem*, 1828-32, and in his monograph on the Acalephæ of the Red Sea. In 1829, he once more started on a scientific journey, and this time with the celebrated Alexander von Humboldt, whose splendid career has closed while these pages were being prepared. The expedition was to the Ural Mountains. Before setting out, Ehrenberg, like many other of the scientific men of that day, had been wonderfully impressed by a work which our Robert Brown had just published:—*A brief account of Microscopical Observations on the Particles contained in the Pollen of Plants and on the general Existence of active Molecules in Organic and Inorganic Bodies*. Following on the path here opened, Ehrenberg once more raised the microscope into European notice. His numerous revelations of minute plants and animals, and of the share which these had in the formation of the solid crust of our

earth, attracted general attention. In 1838 appeared his great work on the Infusoria: *Die Infusions thierchen als vollkommene Organismen an den Grenzen der Sch-Kraft*, a work, unhappily, too costly for private purses, and therefore seldom studied than it merits, but one which for the beauty and number of its illustrations, the novelty of its revelations, and, on the whole, its accuracy, will always remain a monument of skill and labor. There is in the very title an indication of one serious defect in the work: the error of supposing that these infusoria are perfect organisms, with complex organizations. It is true that among the minute forms of life described and figured in his work, there are some which really deserve the wonder of all students, so complex are their organizations: but these belong to the molluscan division of the animal kingdom, and although still called "Wheel Animalcules" (*Rotifera*), are now universally removed from the class of Infusoria. When we take these away, we find no animalcules with any thing but the very simplest organization: indeed, every day the number of these animalcules is diminishing, as one by one the infusoria are shown to be plants instead of animals. In his endeavor to make out a complex apparatus of organs in these infusoria, Ehrenberg has been led into many rash statements which are now seen to be rash: the colored specks, which he called "eyes," are no longer regarded as organs of vision; the vacuolæ, which he called "stomachs," are known to be the vacuolæ and nothing else. But although the attention of Europe once seriously directed towards these objects could not fail to dispel errors of interpretation, and a too facile credulity, yet we very much doubt whether Ehrenberg would have given so great an impulse to discovery had he not started with this splendid error. The idea of finding animals invisible to the naked eye, yet having a structure as complex as that of an elephant, was captivating in its novelty and its suggestions. That, and the other truer, although not less surprising idea, of huge mountains being formed from the *débris* of minute organisms, the skeletons of animalcules which peopled a former world of waters, are, perhaps, the most widely diffused of modern discoveries; they have laid hold of men's imaginations, and have made the name of Ehrenberg popular. It would swell this essay to a volume could we enumerate all the separate publications on microscopical subjects by Ehrenberg and his partisans or antagonists; for the purposes of history, however, it is enough to name only the chiefs of parties. 1838 is the date of Ehrenberg's great work, though his discoveries appeared earlier in journals



and translations; 1839 is the date of another epoch-making work, the *Microscopical Researches* of Schwann. By his work, which has been translated and published among the Ray Society's publications, a new science may be said to have been created. In 1801 Bichat had inaugurated the science of general anatomy (histology) by his magnificent scheme of decomposing the complex organism into its elementary tissues. Schwann came to show how these tissues themselves were composed, and how originally they were all simple cells. The discovery which Schleiden had made respecting the cellular structure of all vegetable tissues was by Schwann applied to all animal tissues; and from that day to our own the "cell-theory" has usurped the most prominent place in the science of life. The structure of the cell the genesis of the cell, and the various modifications which the cell assumes, are subjects that have exercised the skill and patience of almost every one who has given any attention whatever to microscopical studies; and the result of this immense research has been that in spite of the excessive difficulty of determining some of the points raised, science is in possession of a large amount of solid, indubitable fact.

Those who love to repeat with Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun (and it is astonishing how ready men are to say this *à propos* of the discoveries made by others) may find perhaps that Oken had already promulgated the cell theory in 1808, when he said—"The transition from the inorganic to the organic is the passage into a *vesicle*, which, in my theory of generation, I have named the infusorium. Animals and plants are really nothing more than such vesicles repeated under infinitely various forms, as I shall hereafter anatomically demonstrate." This reads, indeed, very like the cell-theory; yet it was received with derision; nor unless Oken had anatomically demonstrated it, could it be received by science as more than a fanciful idea. The merit of Schwann is that he did with great labor, and very remarkable skill, work out this fundamental proposition. He showed how all tissues commenced in cells, and how they all were (or might be) reduced to some modification of the cell-form. It is worthy of notice how in his remarkable work he strictly confines himself at first to an exposition of anatomical facts, free as possible from all theory, and having by this earnest labor abridged the labor of successors, he then gives free scope to the theoretical activity, and endeavors to interpret the facts into a system. In this second part, as may be anticipated, there is much that is fascinating, and very little that is true; but in the

earlier part we may still study with profit what he has recorded as actual observation. The theory has been knocked about rudely enough on all sides; now upheld again by some authoritative writer, and now laid prostrate by some more energetic opponent. In England it is still generally accepted; having only of late years been much attended to. In France it never gained a very extensive acceptance; but we fancy this was rather from ignorance than from wisdom. In Germany it is opposed by the most eminent microscopical anatomists, but it still has potent advocates. All, however, concur in honoring Schwann, and look upon his work as having opened a new era for science.

The microscope is now largely applied in criminal jurisprudence, in geology, in medicine; and in a variety of directions it has become indispensable, but in general anatomy, pathology, embryology, botany, and zoology, it is *the* instrument of research. To recount the laborers who have made themselves illustrious in these fields would be an onerous task. Each division of scientific research has its own heroes. It is no longer a distinction to be a microscopist, scarcely a distinction to be a good one; everybody works with the instrument now; and Linnæus would find no botanist ready to accept his contemptuous verdict; on the contrary, the whole aspect of botany has been changed, in consequence of the microscope having been rendered an available instrument. How far this change may be due to the improvements which have been effected in the structure of the instrument itself, it is difficult to say; but for our own part we are inclined to believe that there is a great and very general misconception on this subject. We admit that before the second quarter of this century microscopes, at least the compound microscopes, were very imperfect instruments, and for higher powers quite untrustworthy; we admit further, that when the principle of "achromatic correction" was successfully applied to microscopes, an immense stride was made, not only in the manufacture of trustworthy instruments, with which the highest powers could be used, but also in the possibilities of carrying investigation much beyond former limits. No one, indeed, would think of disputing the position that discoveries are better made with better instruments. But we think it is a mistake to suppose that because the improvement of the instrument happens to be contemporaneous with the immense revival of scientific zeal, and with a rapid succession of discoveries, the improvement was the cause of this revival and this rapid succession. And in proof of our position, we refer to history. It is a matter of fact,



that with the simple microscope (in which no material improvement has been effected) Malpighi, Leeuwenhoek, Swammerdam, Hewson, Gleichen, O. F. Müller, and others, made numerous important discoveries, which might have been indefinitely extended, had the microscope been generally used. Linnæus said that nothing could be gained from this source. Linnæus had an authority the more readily accepted in this matter because it relieved men from a laborious investigation. Majendie, also, in our own time, denied that the blood discs had any existence; or that the microscope could tell us any thing about them. The negative was much more plausible than the affirmative, and the negative was accepted. Now, if Linnæus had not discountenanced the use of the microscope, it is clear that botanists would have long ago made many of the discoveries which have given glory to men in our time; and the success of the botanists might have encouraged physiologists and zoölogists to try their fortune with this instrument. Our conclusion, therefore, is this: the interest awakened in microscopical investigations has caused an immense amount of ingenuity and labor to be applied to the improvement of the instrument, and this improvement has in turn reacted on microscopical investigation, by making it more easy, and more extensive, and by enabling men to apply higher powers with equal accuracy. But to suppose that the revival of interest is due to the improvement of the instrument, is to contradict universal experience, which says that wants do not spring out of inventions, but that, on the contrary, inventions spring out of wants; sciences never rise out of the improvement of instruments, but the improvement of instruments arises out of the urgent necessities of science. It was not the invention of movable types which created the intellectual ferment of the Middle Ages, but the intellectual ferment which caused a more rapid and effective distribution of knowledge to become an urgent necessity. We are far from denying the immense reaction exercised by this invention of printing, as we are far from denying that the improvement of microscopes has greatly aided the cause of scientific discovery; but we wish that in each case the nature of the influence should not be exaggerated. When the invention of printing rendered the diffusion of books comparatively easy, it rendered the multiplication of books easy; and in the multitude there would be many chances of excellence. When the improvement in microscopes rendered observation comparatively easy, it increased the number of observers, and among that number there were many discoverers. But in each case an in-

tellectual stimulus was necessary, to cause books to be multiplied, and observers to devote themselves. Not until a scientific curiosity had been duly excited, would men take the trouble to educate themselves as microscopists.

We have brought our sketch down to our own day, and may, in conclusion, notice the latest work which has appeared in England, as it in many ways illustrates what we have already said. The work we allude to is *Evenings at the Microscope*, by Mr. Gosse. It is not by any means a remarkable work, but it exemplifies the great popularity which such studies have achieved, since the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has undertaken its publication. Mr. Gosse is an indefatigable naturalist, if not a very philosophical one, and he is a popular writer, as well as a clever draughtsman. In this book he has given some hundred original drawings of microscopic objects, and some five hundred pages of description. The book is rather heavy, because it wants a philosophical spirit; and in default of this spirit, it also wants a purpose, which would give unity to the multifarious details. But for amateurs, who have just begun to use the instrument, it contains much useful information. Any one turning over its leaves will be struck with the immense accumulation of knowledge implied, as well as expressed here; and will be able to estimate some portion of the progress which microscopy has made of late years. The very anecdote with which the book opens is an illustration of this.

"Not many years ago an eminent microscopist received a communication inquiring whether if a minute portion of dried skin were submitted to him he could determine it to be *human* skin or not. He replied that he thought he could. Accordingly, a very minute fragment was forwarded to him, somewhat resembling what might be torn from the surface of an old trunk, with all the hair rubbed off. The professor brought his microscope to bear upon it, and presently found some fine hairs scattered over the surface; after carefully examining which, he pronounced with confidence that they were *human* hairs, and such as grew on the naked parts of the body; and still further, that the person who had owned them was of a fair complexion. This was a very interesting decision, because the fragment of skin was taken from the door of an old church in Yorkshire, in the vicinity of which a tradition is preserved that about a thousand years ago a Danish robber had violated this church, and having been taken, was condemned to be flayed alive, and his skin nailed to the church-door, as a terror to evil-doers. The action of the weather and other causes had long ago removed all traces of the stretched and dried skin, except that from under the edges of the broad-headed nails, with which

the door was studded, fragments still peeped out. It was one of these atoms, obtained by drawing out one of the old nails, that was subjected to microscopical scrutiny; and it was interesting to find that the wonder-showing tube could confirm the tradition with the utmost certainty: not only in the general fact that it was really the skin of a man, but in the special one of the race to which the man belonged, namely, one with fair complexion and light hair, such as the Danes are well known to possess."

It is not easy to imagine the amount of labor which such an anecdote implies; in recognizing this bit of dried skin as human skin, there is implied a complete study of the structure of skin in men and animals; in recognizing the hair as belonging to the naked parts of the body, and as belonging to a person of fair complexion, there is implied a precision of acquired knowledge which could only have resulted from immense labor. Think of the infinite variety of hair growing on animals, each kind having its distinctive characters, and then think of the amount of recorded observation necessary before a man could say "this small

hair which is on the stage of the microscope is not that of a dog, a cat, a mouse, a horse, a wolf, a lion, a bear, a beaver, a rabbit, a seal, a mole, a bat, or any of the numerous hairy animals: it is that of a man, and of a fair man." Mr. Gosse has given drawings and descriptions of several kinds of hair, which will vividly impress the reader with the amazing varieties discoverable in objects seemingly so similar as the hair of a mouse and a mole. The same remark may be made of the blood, or the eggs of various animals; or the seeds and pores of plants. The microscope has swept over the vast field of the "infinitely little," and has furnished science with a marvellous accumulation of details; and yet so inexhaustible is this field, that every day new discoveries are made, and every fresh worker finds the horizon expanding as he advances. In this, as in all other departments of knowledge,—

"Experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades

Forever and forever, as we move.

**BIBLIA PAUPERUM, OR THE POOR PRIEST'S BIBLE.**—A letter from a literary friend in London to our correspondent R. B., states that the spirited publisher, John Russell Smith, of Soho Square, has just brought out a copy of the rarest book in existence, of which only one copy is known in all England, and that is in the library of the British Museum. This invaluable relic of antiquity is called *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Priest's Bible. The letters were cut on blocks of wood long before the glorious invention of Guttenberg's movable types was thought of. All books, previous to this one, were written in manuscript, and the prices, of course, very great, and monks or priests of the poorer class could not, therefore, afford to purchase them, hence the name of *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Man's Bible. Impressions from the engraved blocks were, therefore, furnished at a price very much below that of the manuscripts. But even this new method was done at considerable cost, having been executed long before printing presses, or even printing ink, were invented! The material used for ink was of a brownish yellow color, and impressions were taken from each block by means of friction, or rubbing, exactly as copies are now taken from Shakespeare's gravestone, or from the brass plate of his wife, Anne Hathaway.

The Trustees of the British Museum, with their usual liberality, kindly permitted Mr. Smith to employ an artist of ability to copy,

with the greatest fidelity, the entire whole of this curious relic. Mr. Smith has only had one hundred and fifty copies taken from the engraved plates, printed on one side with brown ink, exactly like the original. They are sold at the moderate price of £2 2s. sterling, or \$10. A copy has just arrived in the Persia and may be seen at the shop of Messrs. Mauran & Philes, No. 55 Cedar Street, near the Postoffice. But surely, Mr. Smith is wrong in having printed so small a number as one hundred and fifty copies. Mr. Lenox, of this city, Mr. Livermore, of Boston, with a hundred other bibliographers in America, are certain to require this most curious book, were its price much beyond what it is. But the publisher makes it a rule to serve the public at the smallest remunerative price—witness his library of old authors, consisting of a selection of the most readable and rare works in the English language, got up in beautiful style, and issued for about one dollar each. Before Mr. Smith's reprints they could not be had for five times the money. Amongst them is "Increase Mather's Remarkable Providences of the Earlier Days of American Civilization," and "Selden's Table-Talk," so much lauded and quoted by Thackeray when lecturing in America. But the *Biblia Pauperum* is the great gun of Mr. Smith's reprints. R. B.

South Brooklyn, 21 Sept., 1859.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PART II.—CHAPTER II *continued.*

"Where?" asked Owen, getting into the carriage.

"Henry knows—the Royal Academy."

"Ha! no alteration in consequence of the invitation? no finery required? you must not carry Hiltonbury philosophy *too far*."

"I have not accepted it."

"That is not required; it is your fate, Phæbe, why don't you speak, or are you under an embargo from any of the wicked enchanters? Even if so you might be got off among the pious juveniles?"

"Papa was so kind as to say I might go wherever Miss Charlecote liked," said Phæbe; "but, indeed, I had rather do exactly what suits her; I dare say the morning party will suit her best—"

"The oily popular preachers!"

"Thank you, Owen," laughed Honor.

"No, now you must accept the whole. There's room to give the preachers a wide berth, even should they insist on 'concluding with prayer,' and it will be a pretty sight. They have the Guards' band coming."

"I never heard a military band," ejaculated Phæbe.

"And there are to be sports for the village children, I believe," added Owen; "besides you will like to meet some of the lions—the archdeacon and his wife will be there."

"But how can I think of filling up Mrs. Charteris' house, without the least acquaintance?"

"Honey-sweet philosopher, Eloisa heeds as little how her house is filled, so it *be* filled, as Jessica did her father's ring. Five dresses a-day, with accoutrements to match, and for the rest, she is sublimely indifferent. Fortune played her a cruel trick in preventing her from being born a fair sultana."

"Not to be a Mahometan?" said Phæbe.

"I don't imagine she is far removed from one," then as Phæbe's horror made her look like Maria, he added—"I don't mean that she was not bred a Christian, but the Oriental mind never distinctively embraces tenets contrary to its constitution?"

"Miss Charlecote, is he talking in earnest?"

"I hope not," Honora said, a little severely, "for he would be giving a grievous account of the poor lady's faith—"

"Faith! no, my dear, she has not reflection enough for faith. All that enters into the Eastern female mind is a little observance."

"And you are not going to leave Phæbe to believe that you think it indifferent whether those observances be Christian or Pagan?" said Honora, earnestly.

There was a little pause, and then Owen rather hesitatingly said—"It is a hard thing to pronounce that three-fifths of one's fellow-creatures are on the high-road to Erebus, especially when ethnologically we find that certain aspects of doctrine never have approved themselves to certain races, and that climate is stronger than creed. Am I not talking Fennimorically, Phæbe?"

"Much more Fennimorically than I wish her to hear, or you to speak," said Honora, "you talk as if there were no such thing as truth."

"Ah! now comes the question of subjective and objective, and I was as innocent as possible of any intention of plunging into such a sea, or bringing those furrows into your forehead, dear Honor! See what it is to talk to you and Miss Fennimore's pupil. All things, human and divine, have arisen out of my simple endeavor to show you that you must come to Castle Blanch, the planners of the feast having so ordained, and it being good for all parties, due from the fairy godmother to the third princess, and seriously giving Cilly another chance of returning within the bounds of discretion."

Honora thought as much. She hoped that Robert would by that time have assumed his right to plead with Lucilla, and that in such a case she should be a welcome refuge, and Phæbe still more indispensable; so her lips opened in a yielding smile, and Phæbe thanked her rapturously, vague hopes of Robert's bliss adding zest to the anticipation of the lifting of the curtain which hid the world of brightness.

"There's still time," said Owen, with his hand on the check string, "which do you patronize? Redmayne or—"

"Nonsense," smiled Honor, "we can't waste our escort upon woman's work."

"Ladies never want a gentleman more than when their taste is to be directed."

"He is afraid to trust us, Phæbe!"

"Conscience has spoken," said Owen, "she knows how she would go and disguise

herself in an old dowager's gown to try to look like sixty!"

"As for silk gowns—"

"I positively forbid it," he cried, cutting her short, "it is five years old!"

"A reason why I should not have another too grand to wear out."

"And you never ought to have had it. Phæbe, it was bought when Lucy was seventeen, on purpose to look as if she was of a fit age for a wall-flower, and so well has the poor thing done its duty, that Lucy hears herself designated as the pretty girl who belongs to the violet and white! If she had known *that* was coming after her, I wot answer for the consequence."

"If it *does* annoy Lucy—we do not so often go out together;—don't, Owen, I never said it was to be now, I am bent on Land-seer."

"But I said so," returned Owen, "for Miss Charlecote regards the distressed dress-makers—four dresses—think of the fingers that must ache over them."

"Well, he does what he pleases," sighed Honor; "there's no help for it, you see, Phæbe. Shall you dislike looking on?" For she doubted whether Phæbe had been provided with means for her equipment, and might not require delay and correspondence, but the frank answer was, "Thank you, I shall be glad of the opportunity. Papa told me I might fit myself out in case of need."

"And suppose we are too late for the Exhibition."

"I never bought a dress before," quoth Phæbe.

Owen laughed. "That's right, Phæbe! Be strong-minded and original enough to own that some decorations surpass 'Raf-faelles, Coreggios and stuff!'"

"No," said Phæbe, simply and with no affectation of scorn, "they only interest me more at this moment."

Honor smiled to Owen her love for the honesty that never spoke for effect, nor took what it believed it ought to feel, for what it really felt. Withal, Owen gained his purpose, and conducted the two ladies into one of the great shops of ladies' apparel.

Phæbe followed Miss Charlecote with eyes of lively anticipation. Miss Fennimore had taught her to be *real* when she could not be philosophical, and scruples as to the "vain

pomp and glory of the world," had not presented themselves; she only found herself admitted to privileges hitherto so jealously withheld as to endow them with a factitious value, and in a scene of real beauty. The textures, patterns, and tints were, as Owen observed, such as approved themselves to the æsthetic sense, the miniature embroidery of the brocades was absolute art, and no contemptible taste was displayed in the apparently fortuitous yet really elaborate groupings of rich and delicate hues, fine folds, or ponderous draperies.

"Far from it," said Honor; "the only doubt is whether such be a worthy application of æsthetics. Were they not given us for better uses?"

"To diffuse the widest amount of happiness?"

"That is one purpose."

"And a fair woman, well dressed, is the sight most delightful to the greatest number of beholders."

Honor made a playful face of utter repudiation of the maxim, but meeting him on his own ground emphasized "FAIR and WELL dressed—that is, appropriately."

"That is what brings me here," said Owen, turning round, as the changeful silks, already asked for, were laid on the counter before them.

It was an amusing shopping. The gentleman's object was to direct the taste of both ladies, but his success was not the same. Honora's first affections fell upon a handsome black, enlivened by beautiful blue flowers in the flounces; but her tyrant scouted it as "a dingy dowager," and overruled her into choosing a delicate lavender, insisting that if it were less durable, so much the better for her friends, and domineering over the black lace accompaniments with a solemn tenderness that made her warn him in a whisper that she should be taken for his ancient bride, thus making him some degrees more drolly attentive; settling her headgear with the lady of the shop, without reference to her! After all, it was very charming to be so affectionately made a fool of, and it was better for her children as well as due to the house of Charlecote that she should not be a dowdy country cousin.

Meantime, Phæbe stood by amused, admiring, assisting, but not at all bewildered.

Miss Fennimore had impressed the maxim: "Always know what you mean to do and do it." She had never chosen a dress before, but that did not hinder her from having a mind and knowing it; she had a reply for each silk that Owen suggested, and the moment her turn came, she desired to see a green glacé. In vain he exclaimed, and drew his favorites in front of her, in vain appealed to Miss Charlecote and the shopman; she laughed him off, took but a moment to reject each proffered green which did not please her, and in as brief a space, had recognized the true delicate pale tint of ocean. It was one that few complexions could have borne, but their connoisseur, with one glance from it to her fresh cheek, owned her right, though much depended on the garniture, and he again brought forward his beloved lilac, insinuating that he should regard her selection of it as a personal attention. No; she laughed and said she had made up her mind and would not change; and while he was presiding over Honora's black lace, she was beforehand with him, and her bill was being made out for her white muslin worked mantle, white bonnet with a tuft of lady grass, white evening dress and wreath of lilies of the valley.

"Green and white, forsaken quite," was the best revenge that occurred to him, and Miss Charlecote declared herself ashamed that the old lady's dress had caused so much more fuss than the young lady's.

It was of course too late for the Exhibition, so they applied themselves to further shopping, until Owen had come to the furthest point whence he could conveniently walk back to dine with his cousins, and go with them to the opera, and he expended some vituperation upon Ratia for an invitation which had prevented Phœbe from being asked to join the party.

Phœbe was happy enough without it, and though not morbidly bashful, felt that at present it was more comfortable to be under Miss Charlecote's wing than that of Lucilla, and that the quiet evening was more composing than fresh scenes of novelty.

The Woolstone Lane world was truly very different from that of which she had had a glimpse, and quite as new to her. Mr. Parsons, after his partial survey, was considering of possibilities, or more truly of endeavor-

ing at impossibilities, a mission to that dreadful population, means of discovering their sick, of reclaiming their children, of causing the true Light to shine in that frightful gross darkness that covered the people. She had never heard any thing yet discussed save on the principle of self-pleasing or self-aggrandizement; here self-spend-ing was the axiom on which all the problems were worked.

After dinner, Mr. Parsons retired into the study, and while his wife and Miss Charlecote sat down for a friendly gossip over the marriages of the two daughters; Phœbe welcomed an unrestrained *tête-à-tête* with her brother. They were one on either seat of the old oriel window, she, with her work on her lap, full of pleasant things to tell him, but pausing as she looked up, and saw his eyes far, far away, as he knelt on the cushion, his elbows on the sill of the open lattice, one hand supporting his chin, the other slowly erecting his hair into the likeness of the fretful porcupine. He had heard of, but barely assented to, the morrow's dinner, or the *fête* at Castle Blanch; he had not even asked her how Lucilla looked; and after waiting for some time, she said as a feeler—"You go with us to-morrow?"

"I suppose I must."

"Lucy said so much in her pretty way about catching the Robin, that I am sure she was vexed at your not having called."

No answer: his eyes had not come home.

Presently he mumbled something so much distorted by the compression of his chin, and by his face being out of window that his sister could not make it out. In answer to her sound of inquiry, he took down one hand, removed the other from his temple, and emitting a modicum more voice from between his teeth, said, "It is plain—it can't be—"

"What can't be? Not—Lucy?" gasped Phœbe.

"I can't take shares in the business."

Her look of relief moved him to explain, and drawing himself in, he sat down on his own window seat, stretching a leg across, and resting one foot upon that where she was placed so as to form a sort of barrier, shutting themselves into a sense of privacy.

"I can't do it," he repeated, "not if my bread depended on it."



"What is the matter?"

"I have looked into the books, I have gone over it with Rawlins."

"You don't mean that we are going to be ruined?"

"Better that we were than to go on as we do! Phœbe, it is wickedness." There was a long pause: Robert rested his brow on his hand, Phœbe gazed intently at him, trying to unravel the idea so suddenly presented. She had reasoned it out before he looked up, and she roused him by softly saying, "You mean that you do not like the manufacture of spirits because they produce so much evil."

Though he did not raise his head, she understood his affirmation and went on with her quiet logic, for poor girl, hers was not the happy maiden's defence—"What my father does cannot be wrong." Without condemning her father, she instinctively knew that weapon was not in her armory, and could only betake herself to the merits of the case, "You know how much rather I would see you a clergyman, dear Robin," she said; "but I do not understand why you change your mind. We always knew that spirits were improperly used, but that is no reason why none should be made, and they are often necessary."

"Yes," he answered, "but, Phœbe, I have learnt to-day that our trade is not supported by the lawful use of spirits. It is the ministry of hell."

Phœbe raised her startled eyes in astonished inquiry.

"I would have credited nothing short of the books, but there I find that not above a fifth part of our manufacture goes to respectable houses, where it is applied properly. The profitable traffic, which it is the object to extend, is the supply of the gin palaces of the city. The leases of most of those you see about here belong to the firm, it supplies them, and gains enormously on their receipts. It is to extend the dealings in this way that my legacy is demanded."

The enormity only gradually beginning to dawn upon Phœbe, all she said was a meditative—"You would not like that."

"You do not realize it," he said, nettled at her quiet tone. "Do not you understand? You and I, and all of us, have eaten and drunk, been taught more than we could learn, lived in a fine house, and been made

into ladies and gentlemen, all by battenning on the vice and misery of this wretched population. Those unhappy men and women are lured into the gaudy palaces at the corners of the streets to purchase a moment's oblivion of conscience, by stinting their children of bread; that we may wear fine clothes, and call ourselves county people."

"Do not talk so, Robert," she exclaimed, trembling; "it cannot be right to say such things—"

"It is only the bare fact! it is no pleasure to me to accuse my own father, I assure you, Phœbe; but I cannot blind myself to the simple truth."

"He cannot see it in that light."

"He *will* not."

"Surely," faltered Phœbe, "it cannot be so bad when one does not know it is—"

"So far true. The conscience does not waken quickly to evils with which our lives have been long familiar."

"And Mervyn was brought up to it—"

"That is not my concern," said Robert, too much in the tone of "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"You will at least tell your reasons for refusing?"

"Yes, and much I shall be heeded! However, my own hands shall be pure from the wages of iniquity. I am thankful that all I have comes from the Mervyns."

"It is a comfort, at least, that you see your way."

"I suppose it is;" but he sighed heavily, with a sense that it was almost profanation to have set such a profession in the balance against the sacred ministry.

"I know *she* will like it best."

Dear Phœbe! in spite of Miss Fennimore, faith must still have been much stronger than reason if she could detect the model parsoness in yonder firefly.

Poor child, she went to bed, pondering over her brother's terrible discoveries, and feeling as though she had suddenly awakened to find herself implicated in a web of iniquity; her delightful parcel of purchases lost their charms, and oppressed her as she thought of them in connection with the rags of the squalid children the rector described, and she felt as if there were no escape, and she could never be happy again under the knowledge of the price of her luxuries, and the dread of judgment. "Much good had

their wealth done them," as Robert truly said. The house of Beauchamp had never been nearly so happy as if their means had been moderate. Always paying court to their own station, or they were disunited among themselves, and not yet amalgamated with the society to which they had attained, the younger ones passing their elders in cultivation, and every discomfort of change of position felt, though not acknowledged. Even the mother, lady as she was by birth, had only belonged to the second-rate class of gentry, and while elevated by wealth, was lowered by connection, and not having either mind or strength enough to stand on her own ground, trod with an ill-assured foot on that to which she aspired.

Not that all this crossed Phœbe's mind. There was merely a dreary sense of depression, and of living in the midst of a grievous mistake, from which Robert alone had the power of disentangling himself, and she fell asleep sadly enough; but, fortunately, sins, neither of our own nor of those for whom we are responsible, have not a lasting power of paining; and she rose up in due time to her own calm, sunshiny spirit of anticipation of the evening's meeting between Robin and Lucy—to say nothing of her own first dinner party.

The ladies of the house were going to a ball, and were in full costume: Eloïsa a study for the Arabian Nights, and Lucilla in an azure gossamer-like texture surrounding her like a cloud, turquoises on her arms, and blue and silver ribbons mingled with her blonde tresses.

Very like the clergyman's wife!

O sage Honor! were you not provoked with yourself for being so old as to regard that bewitching sprite, and marvel whence comes the cost of those robes of the woof of Faerie?

Let Oberon pay Titania's bills.

That must depend on who Oberon is to be.

Phœbe, to whom a doubt on that score would have appeared high treason, nevertheless hated the presence of Mr. Calthorp as much as she could hate any thing, and was in restless anxiety as to Titania's behavior. She herself had no cause to complain, for she was at once singled out and led away from Miss Charlecote, to be shown some

photographic performances, in which Lucy and her cousin had been dabbling.

"There, that horrid monster is Owen—he never will come out respectable. Mr. Prendergast, he is better, because you don't see his face. There's our school, Edna Murrell and all; I flatter myself that is a work of art; only this little wretch fidgeted, and muddled himself."

"Is that the mistress? she does not look like one."

"Not like Sally Page? No; she would bewilder the Hiltonbury mind. I mean you, to see her; I would not miss the shock to Honor. No, don't show it to her! I won't have any preparation."

"Do you call that preparation?" said Owen coming up, and taking up the photograph indignantly. "You should not do such things, Cilly!"

"Tisn't I that do them—it's Phœbe's brother—the one in the sky, I mean, Dan Phœbus, and if he wont flatter, I can't help it. No, no, I'll not have it broken; it is an exact likeness of all the children's spotted frocks, and if it be not of Edna, it ought to be."

"Look, Robert," said Phœbe, as she saw him standing shy, grave, and monumental, with nervous hands clasped over the back of a chair, neither advancing nor retreating, "what a beautiful place this is?"

"Oh! that's from a print—Glendalough! I mean to bring you plenty of the real place."

"Kathleen's Cave," said the unwelcome millionaire.

"Yes, with a comment on Kathleen's awkwardness! I should like to see the hermit who could push me down."

"You! You'll never tread in Kathleen's steps!"

"Because I shan't find a hermit in the cave?"

"Talk of skylarking on 'the lake whose gloomy shore!'" They all laughed except the two Fulmorts.

"There's a simpler reason," said one of the Guardsmen; "namely, that neither party will be there at all."

"No, not the saint—"

"Nor the lady. Miss Charteris tells me all the maiden aunts are come up from the country." (How angry Phœbe was!)

"Happily, it is an article I don't possess."

"Well, we will not differ about technicalities, as long as the fact is the same. You'll remember my words when you are kept on a diet of Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth till you shall have abjured hounds, balls, and salmon-flies."

"The woman lives not who has the power!"

"What bet will you take, Miss Sandbrook?"

"What bet will you take, Lord William, that, maiden aunts and all, I appear on the 3d in a dress of salmon-flies?"

"A hat trimmed with goose feathers to a pocket-handkerchief, that by that time you are in the family mansion, repenting of your sins."

Phæbe looked on like one in a dream, while the terms of the wager were arranged with playful precision. She did not know that dinner had been announced, till she found people moving, and in spite of her antipathy to Mr. Calthorp, she rejoiced to find him assigned to herself—dear, good Lucy must have done it to keep Robin to herself, and dear, good Lucy she shall be, in spite of the salmon, since in the progress downstairs she has cleared the cloud from his brow.

It was done by a confiding, caressing clasp on his arm, and the few words, "Now for old friends! How charming little Phæbe looks!"

How different were his massive brow and deep-set eyes without their usual load, and how sweet his gratified smile!

"Where have you been, you Robin? If I had not passed you in the Park, I should never have guessed there was such a bird in London. I began to change my mind, like Christiana—"I thought Robins were harmless and gentle birds, wont to hop about men's doors, and feed on crumbs, and such-like harmless food."

"And have you seen me eating worms?"

"I've not seen you at all."

"I did not think you had leisure—I did not believe I should be welcome."

"The cruellest cut of all; positive irony—"

"No, indeed! I am not so conceited as—"

"As what?"

"As to suppose you could want me."

"And there was I longing to hear about Phæbe! If you had only come, I could have contrived her going to the *Zauberflote*, with

us last night, but I didn't know the length of her tether."

"I did not know you were so kind."

"Be kinder yourself another time. Don't I know how I have been torn to pieces at Hiltonbury, without a friend to say one word for the poor little morsel!" she said, piteously.

He was impelled to an eager "No, no!" but recalling facts, he modified his reply into, "Friends enough, but very anxious!"

"There, I knew none of you trusted me," she said, pretending to pout.

"When play is so like earnest—"

"Slow people are taken in! That's the fun! I like to show that I can walk alone sometimes, and not be snatched the moment I pop my head from under my leading strings."

Her pretty gay toss of the head prevented Robert from thinking whether woman is meant to be without leading strings.

"And it was to avoid countenancing my vagaries that you stayed away?" she said, with a look of injured innocence.

"I was very much occupied," answered Robert, feeling himself in the wrong.

"That horrid office! You aren't thinking of becoming a Clarence, to drown yourself in brandy—that would never do."

"No, I have given up all thoughts of that!"

"You *thought*, you wretched Redbreast! I *thought* you knew better."

"So I ought," said Robert, gravely; "but my father wished me to make the experiment, and I must own, that before I looked into the details, there were considerations which—"

"Such considerations as *L. s. d.*? For shame!"

"For shame, indeed," said the happy Robert. "Phæbe judged you truly. I did not know what might be the effect of habit—" and he became embarrassed, doubtful whether she would accept the assumption on which he spoke; but she went beyond his hopes.

"The only place I ever cared for is a very small old parsonage," she said, with feeling in her tone.

"Wrapworth? that is near Castle Blanch."

"Yes! I must show it to you. You shall come home with Honor and Phæbe on Monday, and I will show you every thing."

"I should be delighted—but is it not arranged?"

"I'll take care of that. Mr. Prendergast shall take you in, as he would a newly arrived rhinoceros, if I told him. He was our curate, and used to live in the house even in our time. Don't say a word, Robin, it is to be. I must have you see my river, and the stile where my father used to sit when he was tired. I've never told any one which that is."

Ordinarily, Lucilla never seemed to think of her father, never named him, and her outpouring was doubly prized by Robert, whose listening face drew her on.

"I was too much of a child to understand how fearfully weak he must have been, for he could not come home after service without a rest on that stile, and we used to play round him, and bring him flowers. My best recollections are all of that last summer—it seems like my whole life at home, and much longer than it could really have been. We were all in all to one another. How different it would have been if he had lived! I think no one has believed in me since."

There was something ineffably soft and sad in the last words, as the beautiful, petted, but still lonely orphan, cast down her eyelids with a low, long sigh, as though owning her errors, but pleading this extenuation. Robert, much moved, was murmuring something incoherent, but she went on. "Rashe does, perhaps. Can't you see how it is a part of the general disbelief in me to suppose that I come here only for London seasons, and such like? I must live where I have what the dear old soul there has not got to give."

"You cannot doubt of her affection. I am sure there is nothing she would not do for you."

"Do!" that is not what I want. It can't be done, it must be *felt*, and that it never will be. When there's a mutual antagonism, gratitude becomes a fetter, intolerable when it is strained."

"I cannot bear to hear you talk so; revering Miss Charlecote, as I do, and feeling that I owe every thing to her notice."

"Oh, I find no fault; I reverence her too! It was only the nature of things, not her intentions, nor her kindness that was to blame. She meant to be justice and mercy combined

towards us, but I had all the one, and Owen all the other. Not that I am jealous! Oh, no! Not that she could help it; but no woman can help being hard on her rival's daughter."

Nothing but the sweet tone and sad, arch smile could have made this speech endurable to Robert, even though he remembered many times when the trembling of the scale in Miss Charlecote's hands had filled him with indignation. "You allow that it was justice," he said, smiling.

"No doubt of that," she laughed. "Poor Honor! I must have been a grievous visitation, but I am very good now; I shall come and spend Sunday as gravely as a judge, and when you come to Wrapworth, you shall see how I can go to the school when it is not forced down my throat—no merit, either, for our mistress is perfectly charming, with *such* a voice! If I were Phæbe I would look out, for Owen is desperately smitten."

"Phæbe!" repeated Robert, with a startled look.

"Owen and Phæbe! I considered it *une affaire arrangée* as much as—" She had almost said you and me: Robert could supply the omission, but he was only blind of *one* eye, and gravely said, "It is well there is plenty of time before Owen to tame him down."

"Oney," laughed Lucilla; "yes, he has a good deal to do in that line, with his opinions in such a mess that I really don't know what he does believe."

Though the information was not new to Robert, her levity dismayed him, and he gravely began, "If you have such fears," but she cut him off short.

"Did you ever play at bagatelle?"

He stared in displeased surprise.

"Did you never see the ball go joggling about before it could settle into its hole, and yet abiding there very steadily at last? Look on quietly and you will see the poor fellow as sober a parish-priest as yourself."

"You are a very philosophical spectator of the process," Robert said, still displeased.

"Just consider what a capacious swallow the poor boy had in his tender infancy, and how hard it was crammed with legends, hymns, and allegories, with so many scruples bound down on his poor little conscience

that no wonder, when the time of expansion came, the whole concern should give way with a jerk."

"I thought Miss Charlecote's education had been most anxiously admirable."

"Precisely so! Don't you see? Why, how dull you are for a man who has been to Oxford!"

"I should seriously be glad to hear your view, for Owen's course has always been inexplicable to me."

"To you, poor Robin, who lived gratefully on the crumbs of our advantages! The point was that to you they were crumbs, while we had a surfeit."

"Owen never seemed overdone. I used rather to hate him for his faultlessness, and his familiarity with what awed my ignorance."

"The worse for him! He was too apt a scholar, and received all unresisting, unsifting—Anglo-Catholicism, slightly touched with sentiment, enthusiasm for the crusades, passive obedience—acted faithfully up to it; imagined that to be 'not a good churchman,' as he told Charles, expressed the seven deadly sins, and that reasoning was the deadliest of all!"

"As far as I understand you, you mean that there was not sufficient distinction between proven and non-proven—important and unimportant."

"You begin to perceive. If faith be overworked, reason kicks; and, of course, when Owen found the Holt was not the world; that thinking was not the exclusive privilege of demons; that habits he considered as imperative duties were inconvenient, not to say impracticable; that his articles of faith included much of the apocryphal,—why there was a general downfall!"

"Poor Miss Charlecote," sighed Robert; "it is a disheartening effect of so much care."

"She should have let him alone, then, for Uncle Kit to make a sailor of. Then he would have had something better to do than to think!"

"Then you are distressed about him?" said Robin, wistfully.

"Thank you," said she, laughing; "but you see I am too wise ever to think or distress myself. He'll think himself straight in time, and begin a reconstruction from his scattered materials, I suppose, and mean-

time he is a very comfortable brother, as such things go; but it is one of the grudges I can't help owing to Honora, that such a fine fellow as that is not an independent sailor or soldier, able to have some fun, and not looked on as a mere dangler after the Holt."

"I thought the reverse was clearly understood?"

"She ought to have 'acted as sich.' How my relatives, and yours, too, would laugh if you told them so! Not that I think, like them, that it is Elizabethan dislike to naming a successor, nor to keep him on his good behavior; she is far above that, but it is plain how it will be. The only other relation she knows in the world is further off than we are—not a bit more of a Charlecote, and twice her age; and when she has waited twenty or thirty years longer for the auburn-haired lady my father saw in a chapel at Toronto, she will bethink herself that Owen, or Owen's eldest son, had better have it than the queen. That's the sense of it; but I hate the hanger-on position it keeps him in."

"It is a misfortune," said Robert. "People treat him as a man of expectations, and at his age, it would not be easy to disown them, even to himself. He has an eldest son air about him, which makes people impose on him the belief that he is one; and yet who could have guarded against the notion more carefully than Miss Charlecote?"

"I'm of Uncle Kit's mind," said Lucilla, "that children should be left to their natural guardians. What! is Lolly really moving before I have softened down the edge of my ingratitude?"

"So!" said Miss Charteris, as she brought up the rear of the procession of ladies on the stairs.

Lucilla faced about on the step above, with a face where interrogation was mingled with merry defiance.

"So that is why the Calthorp could not get a word all the livelong dinner-time!"

"Ah! I used you ill; I promised you an opportunity of studying 'Cock Robin,' but you see I could not help keeping him myself, I had not seen him for so long."

"You were very welcome! It looks exactly what baffles me. I can talk to any creature in the world except an incipient parson."



"Owen for instance?"

"Oh! if people choose to put a force on nature there can be no general rules. But, Cilly, you know I've always said you should marry whoever you liked; but I require another assurance—on your word and honor—that you are not irrevocably Jenny Wren as yet!"

"Did you not see the currant wine?" said Cilly, pulling leaves off a myrtle in a tub on the stairs, and scattering them over her cousin.

"Seriously, Cilly! Ah, I see now—your exclusive attention to him entirely re-assures me. You would never have served him so, if you had meant it."

"It was commonplace in me," said Lucilla, gravely, "but I could not help it; he made me feel so good—or so bad—that I believe I shall—"

"Not give up the salmon!" cried Horatia.

"Cilly, you will drive me to commit matrimony on the spot."

"Do," said Lucilla, running lightly up, and dancing into the drawing-room, where the ladies were so much at their ease, on low couches and ottomans, that Phæbe stood transfixed by the novelty of a drawing-room treated with such freedom, as was seldom permitted in even the schoolroom at Beauchamp when Miss Fennimore was in presence.

"Phæbe, bright Phæbe!" cried Lucilla, pouncing on both her hands, and drawing her towards the other room, "it is ten ages since I saw you, and you must bring your taste to aid my choice of the fly costume. Did you hear, Rashe? I've a bet with Lord William that I appear at the ball all in flies. Isn't it fun?"

"Oh, jolly!" cried Horatia. "Make yourself a pike-fly."

"No, no, not a guy for any one. Only wear a trimming of salmon flies, which will be lovely."

"You do not really mean it?" said Phæbe.

"Mean it? With all my heart, in spite of the tremendous sacrifice of good flies. Where honor is concerned—"

"There, I knew you would not shirk."

"Did I ever say so?"—in a whisper, not unheard by Phæbe, and affording her so much satisfaction that she only said, in a grave, puzzled voice, "The hooks?"

"Hooks and all," was the answer; "I do nothing by halves."

"What a state of mind the fishermen will be in!" proceeded Horatia; "you'll have every one of them at your feet."

"I shall tell them that two of a trade never agree. Come and let us choose," and opening a drawer, Lucilla took out her long parchment book, and was soon eloquent on the merits of the doctor, the butcher, the duchess, and all her other radiant fabrications of gold pheasants' feathers, parrot plumes, jays' wings, and the like. Phæbe could not help admiring their beauty, though she was perplexed all the while, uncomfortable on Robert's account, and yet not enough assured of the usages of the London world to be certain whether this were unsuitable. The Charteris family, though not of the most *élite* circles of all, were in one to which the Fulmorts had barely the *entrée*, and the ease and dash of the young ladies, Lucilla's superior age, and caressing patronage, all made Phæbe in her own eyes too young and ignorant to pass an opinion. She would have known more about the properties of a rectangle or the dangers of a paper currency.

Longing to know what Miss Charleccote thought, she stood answering as little as possible until Rashe had been summoned to the party in the outer room, and Cilly said, laughing, "Well, does she astonish your infant mind?"

"I do not quite enter into her," said Phæbe, doubtfully.

"The best-natured, and most unappreciated girl in the world! Up to any thing, and only a victim to prejudice. You, who have a strong-minded governess, ought to be superior to the delusion that it is interesting to be stupid and helpless."

"I never thought so," said Phæbe, feeling for a moment in the wrong, as Lucilla always managed to make her antagonists do.

"Yes, you do, or why look at me in that pleading, perplexed fashion, save that you have become possessed with the general prejudice. Weigh it, by the light of Wheatley's logic, and own candidly wherefore Rashe and I should be more liable to come to grief, travelling alone, than two men of the same ages."

"I have not grounds enough to judge," said Phæbe, beginning as though Miss Fennimore were giving an exercise to her reasoning powers, then, continuing with her

girlish eagerness of entreaty, "I only know that it cannot be right since it grieves Robin and Miss Charlecote so much."

"And all that grieves Robin and Miss Charlecote must be shocking, eh? O Phœbe! what very women all the Miss Fenimore's in the world leave us, and how lucky it is!"

"But I don't think you are going to grieve them," said Phœbe, earnestly.

"I hate the word!" said Lucilla. "Plaguing is only fun, but grieving, that is serious."

"I do believe this is only plaguing!" cried Phœbe, "and that this is your way of disposing of all the flies. I shall tell Robin so!"

"To spoil all my fun," exclaimed Lucilla. "No, indeed!"

Phœbe only gave a nod and a smile of supreme satisfaction.

"Ah! but Phœbe, if I'm to grieve nobody, what's to become of poor Rashe, you little selfish woman?"

"Selfish, no!" sturdily said Phœbe. "If it be wrong for you, it must be equally wrong for her, and perhaps," she added slowly, "you would both be glad of some good reason for giving it up. Lucy, dear, do tell me whether you really like it, for I cannot fancy you do."

"Like it? Well, yes! I like the salmons, and I dote on the fun and the fuss. I say, Phœbe, can you bear the burden of a secret? Well—only mind, if you tell Robin or Honor, I shall certainly go; we never would have taken it up in earnest if such a rout had not been made about it, that we were driven to show we did not care, and could be trusted with ourselves."

"Then you don't mean it?"

"That's as people behave themselves. Hush! Here comes Honor. Look here, Sweet Honey, I am in a process of selection. I am pledged to come out at the ball in a unique trimming of salmon flies."

"My dear!" cried poor Honor, in consternation. "You can't be so absurd."

"It is so slow not to be absurd."

"At fit times, yes; but to make yourself so conspicuous."

"They say I can't help that," returned Lucy, in a tone of comical melancholy.

"Well, my dear, we will talk it over on

Sunday, when I hope you may be in a rational mood."

"Don't say so," implored Lucilla, "or I sha'n't have the courage to come. A rational mood—it is enough to frighten one away—and really I do want very much to come. I've not heard a word yet about the Holt. How is the old dame this summer?"

And Lucy went on with unceasing interest about all Hiltonbury matters, great and small, bewitching Honora more than would have seemed possible under the circumstances. She was such a winning fairy that it was hardly possible to treat her seriously, or to recollect causes of displeasure, when under the spell of her caressing vivacity, and unruffled, audacious fun.

So impregnable was her gracious good-humor, so untamable her high spirits, that it was only by remembering the little spitfire of twelve or fourteen years ago that it was credible that she had a temper at all; the temper, erst wont to exhale in chamois bounds and dervish pirouettes, had apparently left not a trace behind, and the sullen ungraciousness to those who offended her had become the sunniest sweetness, impossible to disturb. Was it real improvement? Concealment it was not, for Lucilla had always been transparently true. Was it not more probably connected with that strange levity, almost insensibility, that had apparently indurated feelings which in early childhood had seemed sensitive even to the extent of violence. Was she only good-humored because nothing touched her? Had that agony of parting with her gentle father seared her affections, till she had become like a polished gem, all bright, glancing beauty, but utterly unfeeling?

### CHAPTER III.

"Reproof falleth on the fancy as water."

—FEEJEE PROVERB.

CONSIDERATE of the slender purses of her children, Honora had devoted her carriage to fetch them to St. Wulstan's on the Sunday morning, but her offer had been declined, on the ground that the Charteris conveyances were free to them, and that it was better to make use of an establishment to which Sunday was no object than to cloud the honest face of the Hiltonbury coachman by depriving his horses of their

day of rest. Owen would far rather take a cab than so affront Grey! Pleased with his bright manner, Honora had yet reason to fear that expense was too indifferent to both brother and sister, and that the Charteris household only encouraged recklessness. Wherever she went, she heard of the extravagance of the family, and in the shops the most costly wares were recommended as the choice of Mrs. Charteris. Formerly, though Honor had equipped Lucilla handsomely for visits to Castle Blanch, she had always found her wardrobe increased by the gifts of her uncle and aunt. The girl had been of age more than a year, and in the present state of the family, it was impossible that her dress could be still provided at their expense, yet it was manifestly far beyond her means, and what could be the result? She would certainly brook no interference, and would cast advice to the winds. Poor Honor could only hope for a crash that would bring her to reason, and devise schemes for forcing her from the effects of her own imprudence without breaking into her small portion. The great fear was lest false pride and Charteris influence, should lead her to pay her debts at the cost of a marriage with the millionaire; and Honor could take little comfort in Owen's assurance that the Calthorp had too much sense to think of Cilly Sandbrook, and only promoted and watched her vagaries for the sake of amusement and curiosity. There was small satisfaction to her well-wishers in hearing that no sensible man could think seriously of her.

Anxiously was that Sunday awaited in Woolstone Lane, the whole party feeling that this was the best chance of seeing Lucilla in a reasonable light, and coming to an understanding with her. Owen was often enough visible in the interim, and always extremely agreeable; but Lucilla never, and he only brought an account of her gayeties, shrugging his shoulders over them.

The day came, the bells began, they chimed, they changed, but still no Sandbrooks appeared. Mr. Parsons set off, and Robert made an excursion to the corner of the street. In vain, Miss Charlecote still lingered; Mrs. Parsons, in despair, called Phæbe on with her as the single bell rang, and Honor and Robert presently started with heads turned over their shoulders, and lips laying all blame on Charteris' delays of

breakfast. A last wistful look, and the church porch engulfed them; but even when enclosed in the polished square pew, they could not resign hope at every tread on the matted floor, and finally subsided into a trust that the truants might after service emerge from a seat near the door. There were only too many to choose from.

That hope baffled, Honora still manufactured excuses which Phæbe greedily seized and offered to her brother, but she read his rejection of them in his face, and to her conviction that it was all accident, he answered, as she took his arm, "A small accident would suffice for Sandbrook."

"You don't think he is hindering his sister!"

"I can't tell. I only know that he is one of the many stumbling blocks in her way. He can do no good to any one with whom he associates intimately. I hate to see him reading poetry with you."

"Why did you never tell me so?" asked the startled Phæbe.

"You are so much taken up with him that I can never get at you, when I am not devoured by that office."

"I am sure I did not know it," humbly answered Phæbe. "He is very kind and amusing, and Miss Charlecote is so fond of him that, of course, we must be together; but I never meant to neglect you, Robin, dear."

"No, no, nonsense, it is no paltry jealousy; only now I can speak to you, I must," said Robert, who had been in vain craving for this opportunity of getting his sister alone, ever since the alarm excited by Lucilla's words.

"What is this harm, Robin?"

"Say not a word of it. Miss Charlecote's heart must not be broken before its time, and at any rate it shall not come through me."

"What, Robert?"

"The knowledge of what he is. Don't say it is prejudice. I know I never liked him, but you shall hear why. You ought now—"

Robert's mind had often of late glanced back to the childish days when, with their present opinions reversed, he thought Owen a muff, and Owen thought him a reprobate. To his own blunt and reserved nature, the expressions, so charming to poor Miss

Charlecote, had been painfully distasteful. Sentiment, profession, obtrusive reverence, and fault-finding scruples had revolted him, even when he thought it a proof of his own irreligion to be provoked. Afterwards, when both were schoolboys, Robert had yearly increased in conscientiousness under good discipline and training, but, in their holiday meetings, had found Owen's standard receding as his own advanced, and heard the once-deficient manly spirit asserted by boasts of exploits and deceptions repugnant to a well-conditioned lad. He saw Miss Charlecote's perfect confidence abused and trifled with, and the more he grew in a sense of honor, the more he disliked Owen Sandbrook.

At the university, while Robert's career was respectable and commonplace, Owen was at once a man of mark. Mental and physical powers alike rendered him foremost among his compeers; he could compete with the fast, and surpass the slow on their own ground; and his talents, ready celerity, good-humored audacity and quick resource had always borne him through with the authorities, though there was scarcely an excess or irregularity in which he was not a partaker; and stories of Sandbrook's daring were always circulating among the undergraduates. But though Robert could have scared Phæbe with many a history of lawless pranks, yet these were not his chief cause for dreading Owen's intimacy with her. It was that he was one of the youths on whom the spirit of the day had most influence, one of the most adventurous thinkers and boldest talkers; wild in habits, not merely from ebullition of spirits, but from want of faith in the restraining power.

All this Robert briefly expressed in the words, "Phæbe, it is not that his habits are irregular and unsteady; many are so whose hearts are sound. But he is not sound—his opinions are loose, and he only respects and patronizes divine truth as what has approved itself to so many good, great, and beloved human creatures. It is not denial—it is patronage. It is the common-sense heresy—"

"I thought we all ought to learn common sense."

"Yes, in things human, but with things divine it is the subtle English form of rationalism. This is no time to explain, Phæbe, but human sense and intellect are made the test, and what surpasses them is only ad-

mired as long as its stringent rules do not fetter the practice."

"I am sorry you told me," said Phæbe, thoughtfully, "for I always liked him; he is so kind to me."

Had not Robert been full of his own troubles, he would have been re-assured, but he only gave a contemptuous groan.

"Does Lucy know this?" she asked.

"She told me herself what I well knew before. She does not reflect enough to take it seriously, and contrives to lay the blame upon the narrowness of Miss Charlecote's training."

"O Robin! When all our best knowledge came from the Holt!"

"She says, perhaps not unjustly, that Miss Charlecote overdid things with him, and that this is reaction. She observes keenly. If she would only *think*! She would have been perfect had her father lived, to work on her by affection."

"The time for that is coming—"

Robert checked her, saying, "Stay, Phæbe. The other night I was fooled by her engaging ways, but each day since I have become more convinced that I must learn whether she be only using me like the rest. I want you to be a witness to my resolution, lest I should be tempted to fail. I came to town hesitating whether to enter the business for her sake. I found that this could not be done without a great sin. I look on myself as dedicated to the ministry, and thus bound to have a household suited to my vocation. All must turn on her willingness to conform to this standard. I shall lay it before her. I can bear the suspense no longer. My temper and resolution are going, and I am good for nothing. Let the touchstone be whether she will resign her expedition to Ireland, and go quietly home with Miss Charlecote. If she will so do, there is surely that within her that will shine out brighter when removed from irritation on the one side, or folly on the other. If she will not, I have no weight with her; and it is due to the service I am to undertake, to force myself away from a pursuit that could only distract me. I have no right to be a clergyman and choose a hindrance not a help—one whose tastes would lead back to the world, instead of to my work!"

As he spoke, in stern, rigid resolution—





person who does so, can never tell to what she may expose herself. Liberties are taken when people come out to meet them."

"That's as they choose!" cried Lucilla, with such a gesture of her hand, such a flash of her blue eyes, that she seemed trebly the woman, and it would have been boldness, indeed, to presume with her.

"Yes; but a person who has even had to protect herself from incivility, to which she has wilfully exposed herself, does not remain what she might be behind her screen."

"*Omne ignotum pro terribili*," laughed Lucilla, still not to be made serious. "Now, I don't believe that the world is so flagrantly bent on annoying every pretty girl. People call me vain, but I never was so vain as that. I've always found them very civil; and Ireland is the land of civility. Now, seriously, my good Cousin Honor, do you candidly expect any harm to befall us?"

"I do not think you likely to meet with absolute injury." Lucilla clapped her hands, and cried, "An admission, an admission! I told Rashe you were a sincere woman." But Miss Charlecote went on, "But there is harm to yourself in the affectation of masculine habits; it is a blunting of the delicacy suited to a Christian maiden, and not like the women whom St. Paul and St. Peter describe. You would find that you had forfeited the esteem—not only of ordinary society—but of persons whose opinion you do value; and in both these respects you would suffer harm. You, my poor child, who have no one to control you, or claim your obedience as a right, are doubly bound to be circumspect. I have no power over you; but if you have any regard for her to whom your father confided you, nay, if you consult what you know would have been his wishes, you will give up this project."

The luncheon bell had already rung, and consideration for the busy clergyman compelled her to go down with these last words, feeling as if there were a leaden weight at her heart.

Lucilla remained standing before the glass, arranging her wind-tossed hair; and, in her vehemence, tearing out combfuls, as she pulled petulantly against the tangled curls. "Her old way—to come over me with my father! Ha!—I love him too well, to let him be Miss Charlecote's engine for managing me!—her *dernier ressort* to play on my

feelings. Nor will I have Robin set at me! Whether I go or not, shall be as I please, not as any one else does; and if I stay at home, Rashe shall own it is not for the sake of the conclave here. I told her she might trust me."

Down she went, and at luncheon devoted herself to the captivation of Mr. Parsons; afterwards insisting on going to the schools—she, whose aversion to them was Honora's vexation at home. Strangers to make a sensation, were contrary to the views of the Parsonses; but the wife found her husband inconsistent—"one lady, more or less, could make no difference on this first Sunday;" and, by and by, Mrs. Parsons found a set of little formal white-capped faces, so beaming with entertainment at the young lady's stories, and the young lady herself looking so charming, that she, too, fell under the enchantment.

After church, Miss Charlecote proposed a few turns in the garden; dingy enough, but a marvel for the situation; and here the tacit object of herself and Phæbe was to afford Robert an opportunity for the interview on which so much depended. But it was like trying to catch a butterfly; Lucilla was here, there, everywhere; and an excuse was hardly made for leaving her beside the grave, silent young man, ere her merry tones were heard chattering to some one else. Perhaps Robert, heart-sick and oppressed with the importance of what trembled on his tongue, was not ready in seizing the moment; perhaps she would not let him speak, at any rate she was aware of some design; since, baffling Phæbe's last attempt, she danced up to her bedroom after her, and throwing herself into a chair, in a paroxysm of laughter, cried "You abominable little pussycat of a manœuvrer, I thought you were in a better school for the proprieties! No, don't make your round eyes, and look so dismayed, or you'll kill me with laughing! Cooking *tête-à-têtes*, Phæbe—I thought better of you. Oh, fie!" and holding up her finger, as if in displeasure, she hid her face in ecstasies of mirth at Phæbe's bewildered simplicity.

"Robert wanted to speak to you," she said, with puzzled gravity.

"And you would have set us together by the ears! No, no, thank you; I've had enough of that sort of thing for one day,

And what shallow excuses! Oh! what fun to hear your pretexts. Wanting to see what Mrs. Parsons was doing, when you knew perfectly well she was deep in a sermon, and wished you at the antipodes. And blushing all the time, like a full-blown poppy," and off she went on a fresh score—but Phæbe, though disconcerted for a moment, was not to be put out of countenance when she understood her ground, and she continued with earnestness, undesired by her companion—"Very likely I managed badly, but I know you do not really think it improper to see Robert alone, and it is very important that you should do so. Indeed, it is, Lucy," she added—the youthful candor and seriousness of her pleading, in strong contrast to the flighty, mocking carelessness of Lucilla's manner; "do pray see him, I know he would make you listen. Will you be so very kind? If you would go into the little cedar room, I could call him at once."

"Point blank! Sitting in my cedar parlor! Phæbe, you'll be the death of me," cried Cilly, between peals of merriment. "Do you think I have nerves of brass?"

"You would not laugh, if you knew how much he feels."

"A very good thing for people to feel! It saves them from torpor."

"Lucy, it is not kind to laugh when I tell you he is miserable."

"That's only proper, my dear," said Lucilla, entertained by teasing.

"Not miserable from doubt," answered Phæbe, disconcerting in her turn. "We know you too well for that;" and as an expression, amused, indignant, but far from favorable, came over the fair face she was watching, she added in haste, "It is this project; he thought you had said it was given up."

"I am much indebted," said Lucilla, haughtily, but again relapsing into laughter, "but to find myself so easily disposed of—O Phæbe, there's no scolding such a baby as you, but if it were not so absurd—"

"Lucy, Lucy, I beg your pardon; is it all a mistake, or have I said what was wrong? Poor Robin will be so unhappy."

Phæbe's distress touched Lucilla.

"Nonsense, you little goose, aren't you woman enough yet to know that one flashes out at finding one's self labelled, and made over before one's time."

"I'm glad if it was all my blundering," said Phæbe. "Dear Lucy, I was very wrong, but you see I always was so happy in believing it was understood!"

"How stupid!" cried Lucilla; "one would never have any fun; no, you would not tasted the sweets yet, or you would know one has no notion of being made sure of till one chooses! Yes, yes, I saw he was primed and cocked, but I'm not going to let him go off."

"Lucy, have you no pity?"

"Not a bit! Don't talk commonplaces, my dear?"

"If you knew how much depends upon it."

"My dear, I know that," with an arch smile.

"No, you do not!" said Phæbe, so stoutly Lucilla that looked at her in some suspense.

"You think," said honest Phæbe, in her extremity, "that he only wants to make—to propose to you! Now, it is not only that, Lucilla," and her voice sank, as she could hardly keep from crying, "he will never do that if you go on as you are doing now, he does not think it would be right for a clergyman."

"Oh, I dare say!" quoth Lucilla, and then a silence. "Did Honor tell him so, Phæbe?"

"Never! never!" cried Phæbe; "no one has said a word against you! only don't you know how quiet and good any one belonging to a clergyman should be?"

"Well, I've heard a great deal of news to-day, and it is all my own fault, for indulging in sentiment on Wednesday. I shall know better another time."

"Then you don't care!" cried Phæbe, turning round with eyes flashing as Lucilla did not know they could lighten. "Very well! if you don't think Robert worth it, I suppose I ought not to grieve, for you can't be what I used to think you; and it will be better for him when he once has settled his mind—than if—if afterwards you disappointed him and were a fine lady—but oh! he will be so unhappy," her tears were coming fast; "and, Lucy, I did like you so much!"

"Well, this is the funniest thing of all," cried Lucilla, by way of braving her own emotion; "little Miss Phæbe gone into the heroics!" and she caught her two hands, and holding her fast, kissed her on both

cheeks, "a gone coon, am I, Phæbe, no better than one of the wicked; and Robin, he grew angry, hopped upon a twig, did he! I beg your pardon, my dear, but it makes me laugh to think of his dignified settling of his mind. Oh! how soon it could be unsettled again! Come, I wont have any more of this; let it alone, Phæbe, and trust me that things will adjust themselves all the better for letting them have their swing. Don't you look prematurely uneasy, and don't go and make Robin think that I have immolated him at the altar of the salmon. Say nothing of all this; you will only make a mess in narrating it."

"Very likely I may," said Phæbe; "but if you will not speak to him yourself, I shall tell him how you feel."

"If you can," laughed Lucilla.

"I mean, how you receive what I have told you of his views, I do not think it would be fair or kind to keep him in ignorance."

"Much good may it do him," said Lucy; "but I fancy you will tell him, whether I give you leave or not, and it can't make much difference; I'll tackle him, as the old women say, when I please, and the madder he may choose to go, the better fun it will be."

"I believe you are saying so to tease me," said Phæbe; "but as I know you don't mean it, I shall wait till after the party, and then, unless you have had it out with him, I shall tell him what you have said."

"Thank you," said Lucilla, ironically, conveying to Phæbe's mind the conviction that she did not believe that Robert's attachment could suffer from what had here passed. Either she meant to grant the decisive interview, or else she was too confident in her own power to believe that he could relinquish her; at all events, Phæbe had sagacity enough to infer that she was not indifferent to him, though, as the provoking damsel ran down-stairs, Phæbe's loyal spirit first admitted a doubt whether the tricky sprite might not prove as great a torment as a delight to Robin. "However," reflected she, "I shall make the less mischief, if I set it down while I remember it."

Not much like romance, but practical sense was both native and cultivated in Miss Fenimore's pupil. Yet as she recorded the sentences, and read them over bereft of the speaker's caressing grace, she blamed her-

self as unkind, and making the worst of gay retorts which had been provoked by her own home thrusts. "At least," she thought, "he will be glad to see that it was partly my fault, and he need never see it at all if Lucy will let him speak to her himself."

Meantime, Honora had found from Owen that the young ladies had accepted an invitation to a very gay house in Cheshire, so that their movements would for a fortnight remain doubtful. She recurred to her view that the only measure to be taken was for him to follow them, so as to be able to interpose in any emergency, and she anxiously pressed on him the funds required.

"Shouldn't I catch it if they found me out?" said Owen, shrugging his shoulders. "No, but indeed, Sweet Honey, I meant to have made up for this naughty girl's desertion. You and I would have had such rides and readings together: I want you to put me on good terms with myself."

"My dear boy! But wont that best be done by minding your sister? She does want it, Owen; the less she will be prudent for herself, the more we must think for her!"

"She can do better for herself than you imagine," said Owen. "Men say, with all her free ways, they could not go the least bit further with her than she pleases. You wouldn't suppose it, but she can keep out of scrapes better than Rashe can—never has been in one, yet, and Rashe in twenty. Never mind, your Honor, there's sound stuff in the bonny scapegrace; all the better for being free and unconventional. The world owes a great deal to those who dare to act for themselves; though, I own, it is a trial when one's own domestic womankind take thereto."

"Or one's mankind to encouraging it," said Honor, smiling, but showing that she was hurt.

"I don't encourage it, I am only too wise to give it the zst of opposition. Was Lucy ever bent upon a naughty trick without being doubly incited by the pleasure of showing that she cared not for her younger brother?"

"I believe you are only too lazy! But, will you go? I don't think it can be a penance. You would see new country, and get plenty of sport."

"Come with me, Honey," said he, with the most insinuating manner, which almost moved her. "How jolly it would be!"

"Nonsense! an elderly spinster," she said, merely pleased, though knowing it impossible.

"Stuff!" he returned, in the same tone. "Make it as good as a honeymoon. Think of Killarney, Honor!"

"You silly boy, I can't. There's harvest at home; besides it would only aggravate that mad girl doubly to have me coming after her."

"Well, if you will not take care of me on a literal wild goose chase," said Owen, with playful disconsolateness, "I'll not answer for the consequences."

"But, you go?"

"Vacation rambles are too tempting to be resisted; but, mind, I don't promise to act good genius save at the last extremity, or else I shall never get forgiven, and I shall keep some way in the rear."

So closed the consultation; and after an evening which Lucilla perforce rendered lively, she and her brother took their leave. The next day they were to accompany the Charterises to Castle Blanch to prepare for the festivities; Honor and her two young friends following on the Wednesday afternoon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"He who sits by haunted well  
Is subject to the Nixie's spell;  
He who walks on lonely beach  
To the mermaid's charmed speech;  
He who walks round ring of green  
Offends the peevish fairy queen."

—SCOTT.

At the station nearest to Castle Blanch stood the tall form of Owen Sandbrook, telling Honor that he and his sister had brought the boat, the river was the longer way, but they would prefer it to the road; and so, indeed, they did, for Phoebe herself had had enough of the city to appreciate the cool verdure and calm stillness of the meadow pathway, by which they descended to the majestic river, smoothly sleeping in glassy quiet, or stealing along in complacently dimpling ripples.

On the opposite bank, shading off the sun, an oak copse sloped steeply towards the river, painting upon the surface a still shimmering likeness of the summit of the wood, every mass of foliage, every blushing spray receiving a perfect counterpart, and full in the midst of the magic mirror floated what

might have been compared to the roseate queen lily of the waters on her leaf.

There, in the flat, shallow boat, reclined the maiden, leaning over the gunwale, gazing into the summer wavelets with which one bare, pinkly-tinted hand was toying, and her silken ringlet all but dipping in, from beneath the round, black hat, archly looped up on one side by a carnation bow, and encircled by a series of the twin jetty curls of the mallard; while the fresh rose color of the spreading muslin dress was enhanced by the black scarf that hung carelessly over it. There was a moment's pause, as if no one could break the spell, but Owen, striding on from behind, quickly dissolved the enchantment.

"You monkey, you've cast off. You may float on to Greenwich next!" he indignantly shouted.

She started, shaking her head saucily. "'Twas so slow there, and so broiling," she called back, "and I knew I should only drift down to meet you, and could put in when I pleased."

Therewith she took the sculls and began rowing towards the bank, but without force sufficient to prevent herself from being borne further down than she intended.

"I can't help it," she exclaimed, fearlessly laughing as she passed them.

Robert was ready to plunge in to stem her progress, lest she should meet with some perilous eddy, but Owen laid hold on him, saying, "Don't be nervous, she's all right, only giving trouble after the nature of women. There; are you satisfied?" he called to her, as she came to a stop against a reed bed, with a tall fence interposed between boat and passengers. "A nice ferrywoman you."

"Come and get me up again," was all her answer.

"Serve you right if I never pick you up till London Bridge," he answered. "Stand clear, Fulmort," and with a run and a bound, he vaulted over the high hedge, and went crackling through the nodding bulrushes and reed-maces; while Lucy, having accomplished pulling up one of the latter, was pointing it lancewise at him, singing,—

"With a bulrush for a spear, and a thimble for  
a hat,  
Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?"

"Come, come; 'tis too squashy here for larking," he said authoritatively, stepping into the boat, and bringing it up with such absence of effort that when a few minutes after he had brought it to the landing-place, and the freight was seated, Robert had no sooner taken the other oar than he exclaimed at the force of the stream with which Owen had dealt so easily, and Lucilla so coolly.

"It really was a fearful risk," he said reproachfully to her.

"Oh!" she said; "I know my Thames, and my Thames knows me!"

"Now's the time to improve it," said Owen; "one or other should preach about young ladies getting loose, and not knowing where they may be brought up."

"But you see I did know; besides Phæbe's news from Paris will be better worth hearing," said Lucilla, tickling her friend's face with the soft, long point of her dark velvety mace.

"My news from Paris?"

"For shame, Phæbe! Your face betrays you."

"Lucy; how could you know? I had not even told Miss Charlecote!"

"It's true! it's true!" cried Lucilla.

"That's just what I wanted to know!"

"Lucy, then it was not fair," said Phæbe, much discomposed. "I was desired to tell no one, and you should not have betrayed me into doing so."

"Phæbe, you always were a green oasis in a wicked world!"

"And now let me hear?" said Miss Charlecote. "I can't flatter you, Phæbe; I thought you were laboring under a suppressed secret."

"Only since this morning," pleaded Phæbe, earnestly, "and we were expressly forbidden to mention it; I cannot imagine how Lucy knows."

"By telegraph!"

Phæbe's face assumed an expression of immeasurable wonder.

"I almost hope to find you at cross purposes after all," said Honora.

"No such good luck," laughed Lucilla.

"Cinderella's seniors never could go off two at a time. Ah! there's the name, I beg your pardon, Phæbe."

"But, Lucy, what can you mean? Who can have telegraphed about Augusta?"

"Ah! you knew not the important inter-

ests involved, nor Augusta how much depended on her keeping the worthy admiral in play. It was the nearest thing—had she only consented at the end of the evening instead of the beginning, poor Lord William would have had the five guineas that he wants so much more than Mr. Calthorp."

"Lucy!"

"It was a bet that Sir Nicholas would take six calendar months to supply the place of Lady Bannerman. It was the very last day, if Augusta had only waited till twelve!"

"You don't mean that he has been married before. I thought he was such an excellent man!" said Phæbe, in a voice that set others besides Lucilla off into irresistible mirth.

"Once, twice, thrice!" said Lucilla. "Catch her, Honor, before she sinks into the river in disgust with this treacherous world."

"Do you know him, Lucy!" earnestly said Phæbe.

"Yes, and two of the wives; we used to visit them because he was an old captain of Uncle Kit's."

"I would not believe in Number Three, Phæbe, if I were you," said Owen, consolingly, "she wants confirmation."

"Two are as bad as three," sighed Phæbe, "and Augusta did not even call him a widower."

"Cupid bandaged! It was a case of love at first sight. Met at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, heard each others critical remarks, sought an introduction, compared notes, he discovered her foresight with regard to pale ale, each felt that here was a kindred soul!"

"That could not have been telegraphed!" said Phæbe, recovering spirit and incredulity.

"No; the telegraph was simply 'Bannerman, Miss Fulmort. 8.30 p.m., July 10th.' The other particulars followed by letter this morning."

"How old is he?" asked Phæbe, with resignation.

"Any age above sixty. What, Phæbe, taking it to heart? I was prepared with congratulations. It is only second best to be sure, but don't you see your own emancipation?"

"I believe that had never occurred to Phæbe!" said Owen.

"I beg your pardon, Lucy," said Phæbe,



thinking that she had appeared out of temper, "only it had sounded so nice in Augusta's letter, and she was so kind, and somehow it jars that there should have been that sort of talk."

Cilly was checked. In her utter want of thought it had not occurred to her that Augusta Fulmort could be other than a laughing stock, or that any bright anticipations could have been spent by any reasonable person on her marriage. Perhaps the companionship of Rashe and the satirical outspoken tone of her associates had somewhat blunted her perception of what might be offensive to the sensitive delicacy of a young sister, but she instantly perceived her mistake, and the carnation deepened in her cheek, at having distressed Phæbe, and—Not that she had deigned any notice of Robert after the first cold shake of the hand, and he sat rowing with vigorous strokes, and a countenance of set gravity, more as if he were a boatman than one of the party; Lucilla could not even meet his eye when she peeped under her eyelashes to recover defiance by the sight of his displeasure.

It was a relief to all when Honora exclaimed, "Wrapworth, how pretty it looks!"

It was indeed pretty, seen through the archway of the handsome stone bridge. The church tower and picturesque village were set off by the frame that closed them in, and though they lost somewhat of the enchantment when the boat shot from under the arch, they were still a fair and goodly English scene.

Lucilla steered towards the steps leading to a smooth shaven lawn, shaded by a weeping willow, well known to Honor.

"Here we land you and your bag, Robert," said Owen, as he put in. "Cilly, have a little sense, do."

But Lucilla, to the alarm of all, was already on her feet, skipped like a chamois to the steps, and flew dancing up the sward. Ere Owen and Robert had helped the other two ladies to land in a more rational manner, she was shaking her mischievous head at a window, and thrusting in her sceptral reed-mace.

"Neighbor, O neighbor, I'm come to torment you! Yes, here we are in full force, ladies and all, and you must come out and behave pretty. Never mind your slippers, you ought to be proud of the only thing I

ever worked. Come out, I say; here's your guest, and you must be civil to him."

"I am very glad to see Mr. Fulmort," said Mr. Prendergast, his only answer in words to all this, though while it was going on, as if she were pulling him by wires, as she imperiously waved her bulrush, he had stuck his pen into the inkstand, run his fingers in desperation through his hair, risen from his seat, gazed about in vain for his boots, and felt as fruitlessly on the back of the door for a coat to replace the loose alpaca article that hung on his shoulders.

"There. You've gone through all the motions," said Cilly, "that'll do; now, come out and receive them."

Accordingly, he issued from the door, shy and slouching; rusty where he wore cloth, shiny where he wore alpaca, wild as to his hair, gay as to his feet, but, withal, the scholarly gentleman complete, and not a day older or younger, apparently, than when Honor had last seen him, nine years since, in bondage then to the child playing at coquetry, as now to the coquette playing at childhood. It was curious, Honor thought to see how, though so much more uncouth and negligent than Robert, the indefinable signs of good blood made themselves visible, while they were wanting in one, as truly the Christian gentleman in spirit and in education.

Mr. Prendergast bowed to Miss Charlecote, and shook hands with his guest, welcoming him kindly; but the two shy men grew more bashful by contact, and Honor found herself, Owen, and Lucilla sustaining the chief of the conversation, the curate apparently looking to the young lady to protect him and do the honors, as she did by making him pull down a cluster of his roses for her companions, and conducting them to eat his strawberries, which she treated as her own, flitting, butterfly-like, over the beds, selecting the largest and ruddiest specimens, while her slave plodded diligently to fill cabbage-leaves, and present them to the party in due gradation.

Owen stood by amused, and silencing the scruples of his companions.

"He is in Elysium," he said; "he had rather be plagued by Cilly than receive a mitre! Don't hinder him, Honey; it is his pride to treat us as if we were at home and he our guest."

"Wrapworth has not been seen without Edna Murrell," said Lucilla, flinging the stem of her last strawberry at her brother, "and Miss Charlecote is a woman of schools. What, aren't we to go, Mr. Prendergast?"

"I beg your pardon. I did not know."

"Well; what is it?"

"I do sometimes wish Miss Murrell were not such an attraction."

"You did not think that of yourself."

"Well, I don't know; Miss Murrell is a very nice young woman," he hesitated, as Cilly seemed about to thrust him through with her reed; "but couldn't you, Cilla, now, give her a hint that it would be better if she would associate more with Mrs. Jenkyns, and—"

"Couldn't, Mr. Prendergast; I've more regard for doing as I would be done by. When you see Edna, Honor—"

"They are very respectable women," said the curate, standing his ground; "and it would be much better for her than letting it be said she gives herself airs."

"That's all because we have had her up to the castle to sing."

"Well, so it is, I believe. They do say, too—I don't know whether it is so—that the work has not been so well attended to, nor the children so orderly."

"Spite, spite, Mr. Prendergast; I had a better opinion of you than to think you could be taken in by the tongues of Wrapworth."

"Well, certainly, I did hear a great noise the other day."

"I see how it is! This is a systematic attempt to destroy the impression I wished to produce."

He tried to argue that he thought very well of Miss Murrell, but she would not hear; and she went on with her pretty, saucy abuse, in her gayest tones, as she tripped along the churchyard path, now, doubtless, too familiar to renew the associations that might have tamed her spirits. Perhaps the shock her vivacity gave to the feelings of her friends was hardly reasonable, but it was not the less real; though, even in passing, Honora could not but note the improved condition of the two graves, now carefully tended, and with a lovely white rose budding between them.

A few more steps, and from the open window of the schoolhouse there was heard a buzz and hum, not outrageous, but which

might have caused the item of discipline not to figure well in an inspector's report; but Mr. Prendergast and Lucilla appeared habituated to the like, for they proceeded without apology.

It was a handsome gable-ended building, Elizabethan enough to testify to the taste that had designed it, and with a deep porch, where Honor had advanced, under Lucilla's guidance, so as to have a moment's view of the whole scene before their arrival had disturbed it.

The children's backs were towards the door, as they sat on their forms at work. Close to the oriel window, the only person facing the door, with a table in front of her, there sat, in a slightly reclining attitude, a figure such as all reports of the new race of schoolmistresses had hardly led Honor to imagine to be the *bona fide* mistress. Yet the dress was perfectly quiet, merely lilac cotton, with no ornament save the small bow of the same color at the throat, and the hair was simply folded round the head, but it was magnificent raven hair; the head and neck were grandly made; the form finely proportioned, on a large scale; the face really beautiful, in a pale, dark, Italian style; the complexion of the clearest olive, but as she became aware of the presence of the visitors it became overspread with a lovely hue of red; while the eyelids revealed a superb pair of eyes, liquid depths of rich brown, soft and languid, and befitting the calm dignity with which she rose, courtesied, and signed to her scholars to do the same; the deepening color alone betraying any sense of being taken by surprise.

Lucilla danced up to her, chattering with her usual familiar, airy grace. "Well, Edna, how are you getting on? Have I brought a tremendous host to invade you? I wanted Miss Charlecote to see you, for she is a perfect connoisseur in schools."

Edna's blush grew more carnation, and the fingers shook so visibly with which she held the work, that Honora was provoked with Lucy for embarrassing the poor young thing by treating her as an exhibition, especially as the two young gentlemen were present, Robert with his back against the doorpost in a state of resignation, Owen drawing Phæbe's attention to the little ones whom he was puzzling with incomprehensible remarks and questions. Hoping to end the scene,

Honor made a few commonplace inquiries as to the numbers and the habits of the school, but the mistress, though preserving her dignity of attitude, seemed hardly able to speak, and the curate replied for her.

"I see," said Lucilla, "your eye keeps roaming to the mischief my naughty brother is doing among the fry down there."

"Oh, no, ma'am! I beg your pardon—"

"Never mind, I'll remove the whole concern in a moment, only we must have some singing first."

"Don't Lucy!" whispered Honor, looking up from an inspection of some not first-rate needlework; "it is distressing her, and displays are contrary to all rules of discipline."

"Oh! but you must," cried Cilly. "You have not seen Wrapworth without. Come, Edna, my bonnie-bell," and she held out her hand in that semi-imperious, semi-caressing manner which very few had ever withstood.

"One song," echoed Owen, turning towards the elder girls. "I know you'll oblige me, eh, Fanny Blake?"

To the scholars the request was evidently not distasteful: the more tuneful were gathering together, and the mistress took her station among them, all as if the exhibition were no novelty. Lucilla, laying her hand on the victim's arm, said, "Come, don't be nervous, or what will you do to-morrow. Come."

"Goddess of the Silver Bow," suggested Owen. "Wasn't it that your mother disapproved, Fanny, because it was worshipping idols to sing about great Diana of the Ephesians."

"Yes, sir," said rather a conceited voice from the prettiest of the elder girls; "and you told us it was about Phæbe Bright, and gave her the blue and silver ribbon."

"And please, sir," said another less prepossessing damsel, "Mrs. Jenkyns took it away, and I said I'd tell you."

Owen shrugged up his shoulders with a comical look, saying, as he threw her a shilling, "Never mind, there's a silver circle instead of a bow, that will do as well. Here's a rival goddess for you, Phæbe, two moons in a system."

The girls were in an universal titter, the mistress with her eyes cast down, blushing more than ever. Lucilla muttered an amused but indignant, "For shame, Owen!"

and herself gave the key-note. The performance was not above the average of National School melody, but no sooner was it over, than Owen named, in an undertone, another song, which was instantly commenced, and in which there joined a voice that had been still during the first, but which soon completely took the lead. And such a voice, coming as easily as the notes of the nightingale from the nobly formed throat, and seeming to fill the room with its sweet power! Lucilla's triumph was complete, Honor's scruples were silenced by the admiring enjoyment, and Phæbe was in a state of rapture. The nervous reluctance had given way to the artistic delight in her own power, and she readily sang all that was asked for, latterly such pieces as needed little or no support from the children—the "Three Fishers' Wives" coming last, and thrilling every one with the wondrous pathos and sadness of the tones that seemed to come from her very heart.

It seemed as if they would never have come away, had not Mr. Prendergast taken pity on the restless movements of some of the younglings who, taking no part in the display, had leisure to perceive that the clock had struck their hour of release, and at the close of "The Fishers' Wives," he signed to Lucilla to look at the hour.

"Poor little things!" said she turning round to the gaping and discontented collection, "have we used you so ill? Never mind." Again using her bulrush to tickle the faces that looked most injured and waken them into smiles—"Here's the prison house open," and she sprang out. "Now—come with a whoop and come with a call—I'll give my club to anybody that can catch me before I get down to the vicarage garden."

Light as the wind, she went bounding, flying across the churchyard like a butterfly, ever and anon pausing to look round, nod, and shake her sceptre, as the urchins tumbled confusedly after, far behind, till closing the gate, she turned, poised the reed javelin-wise in the air, and launched it among them.

"It is vain to try to collect them again," sighed Mr. Prendergast, "we must shut up. Good-night, Miss Murrell," and therewith he turned back to his garden where the freakish sprite, feigning flight, took refuge in the boat, cowering down and playfully hiding her face in deprecation of rebuke, but all she

received was a meekly melancholy, "O Cilla, prayers!"

"One day's less loathing of compulsory devotion," was her answer in saucy defiance. "I owed it to them for the weariness of listening ten minutes to the 'Three Fishers' Wives' which they appreciated as little as their pastor did!"

"I know nothing about songs, but when one wants them—poor things—to look to something better than sleep."

"Oh, hush! Here are Miss Charlecote and Mr. Fulmort on your side, and I can't be crushed with united morality in revenge for the tears Edna caused you all to shed. There, help Miss Charlecote in; where can Owen be dawdling? You can't pull, Phœbe, or we would put off without him. Ah, there!" as he came bounding down, "you intolerable loiterer, I was just going to leave you behind."

"The train starting without the engine," he said, getting into his place; "yes, take an oar if you like, little gnat, and fancy yourself helping."

The gay warfare, accompanied by a few perilous tricks on Lucilla's part, lasted through the further voyage, Honora guessed at a purpose of staving off graver remonstrance, but Phœbe looked on in astonishment. Seventeen is often a more serious time of life than two-and-twenty, and the damsel could not comprehend the possibility of thoughtlessness when there was any thing to think about. The ass' bridge was nothing compared with Lucy! Moreover the habits of persiflage of a lively family often are confusing to one not used to the tone of jest and repartee, and Phœbe had as little power as will to take part in what was passing, between the brother and sister; she sat like the spectator of a farce in a foreign tongue till the boat had arrived at the broad, open extent of park gently sweeping down towards the river, the masses of trees kept on either side so as to leave the space open where the castle towered in pretentious grandeur, with a flag slowly swaying in the summer wind on the top of the tallest turret.

**VEGETATION ON THE MOON'S SURFACE.**—On the surface of the moon are seen numerous streaks or narrow lines, about a hundred in number, which appear, perhaps more like long, narrow furrows, than any thing else. Sometimes they spread themselves on the lunar disc in straight lines; sometimes they are seen slightly curved; in every case they are shut in between stiff parallel borders. It has often been supposed that these furrows, the true nature of which has remained hitherto unknown, represent the beds of ancient dried-up rivers, or rivers that have not yet ceased to flow. Other astronomers think they are streams of lava which have been vomited by lunar volcanoes, and which reflect the light of the sun with more intensity than the adjacent regions. M. Schwabe, a German astronomer endeavors, however, to give them another explanation. He has published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* some facts which tend to show that these lines are the result of a vegetation on the surface of the moon. According to the author, if the surface of the moon be examined attentively with a good telescope and a proper illumination, we discover between the lines or luminous furrows of the high mountain called Tycho, and on different other points, a quantity of very delicate

parallel lines of a greenish tint, which were not visible some months before the observation, and which disappear a few months after to return again in the proper season. These lines, which are darker than the adjacent parts, are clearly the result of vegetation; and it is this vegetation which makes the sterile parts of the moon appear as bright, luminous streaks. According to M. Schwabe, these lines of vegetation are more particularly visible in the very bright parts of the moon which are circumscribed by the mountains Hipparchus, Albategnius, Werner, Staëfler, Maurolycus, Gemma-Frisius, Piccolomini, Catharina, Aboufeda, Regio-Montarius, Hell, Gauricus, Wurzelbauer, Heinsius, and Count Wilhelm.—*The Photographic News*.

Miss JOHNSON'S new work, "Peasant Life in Switzerland," will shortly be issued simultaneously in New York and London. So favorable an impression was made abroad by her "Peasant Life in Germany" (everywhere save in "Fatherland" itself), that she has been solicited to enter into a special copyright arrangement for England for her forthcoming book, and for another of a similar character on France, for which she is now collecting the material.—*Tribune*.

From The Saturday Review.  
PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

It is curious to observe how completely almost every thing which becomes in any way the object of a widely extended popular desire assumes a sort of ideal character, so that it is valued not so much on account of its intrinsic importance as because it is an essential part of the popular ideal, for the time being, of an eminent or admirable character. Thus, at one time, the popular favor is only to be won by ascetic and monastic virtues. At others, ability in and for itself attracts a degree of admiration which bears very little assignable relation to any real claims which it possesses on the esteem or admiration of mankind. The sort of ability which public feeling delights to honor is not always the same. The tide sometimes sets in favor of practical, and sometimes in favor of speculative, talent, and it would be a matter of great difficulty to lay down any general rule which would enable those who take an interest in such things to predict, with any thing like an approach to accuracy, whether one set of qualities or another of an entirely opposite character, would meet with general admiration in any given time and country. The fact is that popular admiration is granted, not so much to particular qualities in and for themselves, as to imaginary persons in whom the virtues which the age specially admires are exemplified in the fullest degree. Thus, when asceticism is in the highest favor, it is not the case that any large portion of mankind actually grasp and adopt the ascetic theory of morals: but they are haunted by a kind of undefined notion that people who do, in the ordinary intercourse of life, adopt and act upon that standard of conduct must be very great, wonderful, and worthy of veneration. The natural consequence is, that the quality admired is viewed pictorially, and not analytically, and is worshipped instead of being understood.

It would be difficult to give a more forcible or a more homely illustration of this than that which is afforded by the sentiment which of late years has become at once so powerful and so very common respecting physical strength, and all that belongs to it. All the younger generation of writers of fiction has, for many years past, been trying to excite and foster the sentiment that power of character in all its shapes goes with goodness, and that there is so intimate a connection between the various departments of life, physical and moral, that strength of mind may be expected to be closely connected with, or may perhaps be said to be reflected in, strength of body. This notion is closely connected with many of the most important

of the opinions which are at present entertained respecting the great standing controversies of life. It is connected with what may be called the social as opposed to the ascetic conception of morals, and with the disposition to look upon life, as a whole, as opposed to the temptation—if it is so to be regarded—to cut it in parts, of which some only are susceptible of sacred associations, whilst others are and must always remain common and unclean.

The body may obviously be looked upon in either of two lights. It may be regarded as an essential part of the man—as the outward and visible part of himself, containing and constituting, with its various powers and qualities, some of the most important elements of his character. On the other hand, it may be regarded as something radically distinct from the man himself—a mere material instrument of the immaterial essence which properly constitutes the individual—a sort of clog, necessary indeed to the action of the soul, but in its essence a mere appendage to it, and a somewhat degrading one. The popular estimate of the importance and value of all physical gifts, as reflected in popular literature, will depend almost entirely upon the degree in which the first or the second of these ideals lies at the bottom of popular feeling on the subject. If the former prevails, the popular notion of a great and good man will be a person of great physical and mental endowments, all harmonized together and all directed towards good ends. If the second is the current theory, popular writers will delight in contrasting mental strength with physical weakness, and in showing how the mind, beset with a thousand difficulties from the imperfections of the machine with which it is associated, can nevertheless triumph over them all. There can be little doubt which of these two is the popular view in the present day. Almost every popular writer, from the one or two who are really great down to the crowd who merely show which way the popular taste sets, delights to make the body not the agent, but the partner, of the mind; and each, accordingly, invests his heroes with every imaginable bodily perfection. It would be easy to fill columns upon columns with descriptions, taken from various novelists, of various models of physical force who have acted as heroes. Who does not know all about the "short, crisp, black hair," the "pale but healthy complexion," the "iron muscles," "knotted sinews," "vast chests," "long and sinewy arms," "gigantic frames," and other stock phrases of the same kind which always announce, in contemporary fiction, the advent of a model Christian hero?

The attempt to discuss which of the two



views of the relations of mind and body just sketched out contains the greater amount of truth, would lead us very far indeed; and there is the less need to enter upon the discussion, as they both appear to us to be essentially wrong. The relations of mind and body are a question of fact, to be studied, not in the light of any preconceived theory whatever, but, like all other questions of fact, by observation and comparison; and fiction, if it is to be any thing more than a plaything, ought to proceed upon such observations, and not upon the assumption of the truth of general propositions, which in reality are only very vague and very partial attempts to embody the small amount of knowledge and the large amount of conjecture and assertion which exist upon the subject. The most curious proof that modern popular writers have begun entirely at the wrong end in their attempts to set forth in their novels the relations between mind and body, is to be found in the fact that they all appear to think that physical strength is a very plain and simple matter, and that the proposition that a man is very strong is as simple as the proposition that he is six feet high. The fact, however is, that that cursory and unscientific experience which every one picks up who exercises his own powers of observation upon those whom he meets with in the ordinary course of life, proves in the most conclusive manner that hardly any thing is so difficult as to affix any definite meaning whatever to the word "strong;" and when the various difficulties which are inherent in it are scrutinized, they will be found to resolve themselves into the further difficulty that, when we use the word "body," we are using a word with the meaning—and, if such an expression is allowable, with the extent—of which we are most imperfectly acquainted. It may be well to indicate very shortly the character of a few of these difficulties.

The first, and perhaps the most formidable of all, is the difficulty of ascertaining, with any approach to precision, what the substantive is to which the adjective "strong" is applied. When we say A. B. is "a strong man," we mean that, taken as a whole, the living organization of A. B. has a greater amount of strength than is usual. Now, let us take such cases as those which are taken from real life, and try to say whether or not the word "strong" would be properly applied to the persons from whom they were taken. A. was a person of average size, with immense muscular power. He never had a day's illness till he was twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and was well known as the most athletic lad at one of the largest schools in England. He died of a rapid decline at twenty-five. B. was a deli-

cate woman for many years of her life, hardly able to leave the sofa. She had a succession of illnesses of the most distressing and wearing kinds, but she threw them off against all expectation, and passed all the middle and later period of her life in perfect health and great activity. For some years before her death she labored under very distressing complaints; but notwithstanding this, she lived to a great age. It is obvious that if A. and B. had each been taken at a given point of time, A. would have been rightly called strong, and B. weak; and it is also clear that there was about B. a durability or toughness which was wanting in A., and that that toughness was manifested, not only by her recovery from her early diseases, but by the length of time during which she bore the disease of which she ultimately died. The interval of health and the length of life shows that there was strength somewhere even whilst the diseases were upon her; but where or in what did that strength reside? The word "constitution," usually employed in such cases, is a mere convenience. It only points out a difficulty which it does not solve; for what unit was it which, though damaged, was strongly put together? That is a puzzle which has never been solved, and which has hardly been stated completely. A table would not be called strong, if two legs were cracked and several of its joints loose, however tough might be its materials, and however good its original workmanship. But if the table showed a power of holding together and recovering itself, notwithstanding every sort of rough usage, it might well be called strong, though it was ultimately broken up; and it is precisely in this power of self-repair that the difference between a body and a mere machine resides. The difficulty of saying what is meant by physical strength lies in the difficulty of distinguishing between the mechanical, and what, for fault of a better word, must be called the vital powers of the body. Look upon the body as a machine—and the broken arm, the tubercles in the lungs, or the cancer in the liver prevent you from calling it strong; but if it goes on acting for years, and wonderfully recovering itself again and again from the catastrophe which these defects tend to produce, there must be a strong something somewhere. What is that something?

The whole subject is one of endless wonder and curiosity, but it is well deserving of far more notice than it has usually received—if for no other reason, at least, for the sake of illustrating the crudity of the common notions about physical strength which all sorts of popular writers are continually preaching. We cannot here do more than

hint at a very few of the endless varieties of what is called "constitution" which would require examination by any one who really wished to understand the subject. The power of supporting hardship is one obvious form of strength, but this power is by no means universally associated with great muscular force, and not uncommonly co-exists with excessive delicacy of organization in many important particulars. Dr. Kane was a wonderful instance of this. Though a professional sailor, he never went to sea without suffering from sea-sickness, and he suffered under both disease of the heart and chronic rheumatism; yet he underwent sufferings in the Arctic Seas under which the strongest men, specially trained to endure such hardships, sickened and died. In great catastrophes, such as wrecks, sieges, and the retreats of defeated armies, the finest men do not by any means endure hardship best, and the most delicate women will occasionally go through more than any one else. A vessel was wrecked in the midst of the ice at the mouth of the Elbe; the crew had to make their way across the broken masses of ice to the nearest shore, some miles off. Several died of exhaustion, and amongst the rest a remarkably strong fine woman, the wife of a soldier on board; whilst, among the survivors, was a delicate woman who had during the storm prematurely given birth to a child. The peculiarity of this, however, is that the power of bearing hardship does not always vary inversely with physical strength. As a rule, no doubt, in such a scene the strong man or woman would have a better chance than the weak one, and this makes the exceptions the more remarkable.

Great power of exertion is another obvious

test of strength. But here, again, every sort of variety exists. Great power of exertion is quite consistent with extreme delicacy, and with the presence of, or at least with a predisposition to, organic disease. Napoleon was perhaps capable of undergoing, and did in fact undergo, greater fatigues than almost any other man who ever lived; yet his digestion was always most delicate and very easily deranged, whilst he died of an hereditary organic disease at the age of fifty-five. It is also a singular thing that great power of exertion in one direction does not always imply its existence in another. Many men can go through extraordinary muscular labor, and put up with all sorts of exposure and hardship, who are quite unequal to continuous severe exertion of the eyes, the brain, and the nerves; and the converse occasionally holds good as well. Long life and continued good health are also tests of strength; but these gifts frequently depend upon a sort of balance and proportion between powers which are inconsiderable in themselves. It seems a sort of perversion of terms to speak of a person who keeps on living feebly and quietly—more like a vegetable than a man—for eighty years, as being stronger than one who dies worn out at sixty by extreme labor, or even by long-continued and long-resisted disease. An old gentleman who has been rector of a remote country parish for half a century or more, without having ever experienced a day's illness or done a really hard day's work, is surely not a stronger man than Fox, who, though he never had good health, would pass any number of days and nights between Parliament, the race-course, and the gaming-table.

**AGE OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.**—The Earl of Guilford and Lord Lyndhurst are entitled, in point of years, to claim precedence over their brother peers. They have both reached the ripe age of 87. Following close are Viscount Combermere and the Earl of Charlemont, who are respectively aged 85 and 84. Sixteen peers of parliament have reached the age of 80, or have passed it. Lord Brougham is among these Nestors of the State, being in his 81st year. The oldest member of the House of Common, is Sir Charles M. Burrell, the member for New

Shoreham, who is in his 85th year. Lord Palmerston is 75; Lord John Russell, 67; Mr. Disraeli, 54; Mr. Cobden, 55; and Mr. Bright, 48; Lord Campbell is the oldest judge upon the English Bench; he is 78 years of age. Sir James Willes is the youngest, being only 44. The Irish Bench is graced by the presence of the oldest and the youngest judge in the United Kingdom—the Right Hon. Thomas Lefroy, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, aged 83, and the Right Hon. William Keogh, aged 42.

From The Encyclopædia Britannica.

**WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT**, the famous American historian, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796. The first of the family of whom any record remains was John Prescott, an English blacksmith and millwright, who settled at Lancaster, New England, in 1640, and who used to take the field against Indian marauders in a helmet and breastplate which he had brought with him from home. His grandson Benjamin, was a man of influence and consideration in the colony of Massachusetts, and long represented Groton in the colonial legislature. William, the second son of Benjamin, after serving in his youth for a few months in the French war, spent the greater part of his life in farming his paternal estate at Pepperell. On the breaking out of the war of independence, at the age of forty-five, he quitted the plough for the sword, and fought in the Republican ranks, where he attained the rank of colonel. He had the honor of leading his countrymen at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and of being called by Washington "Prescott the brave." His only son, William, followed the legal profession, and both as an advocate and as a judge was esteemed one of the most eminent lawyers of his day. By his wife Catherine, daughter of Thomas Hickling, long United States consul at the Azores, Judge Prescott became the father of the historian. In 1808, when the boy was in his twelfth year, the family removed from Salem to Boston. In the latter city young William Prescott was placed in the academy of Dr. Gardiner, a pupil of the famous Dr. Parr. In 1811 he entered Harvard College, and graduated there in 1814. The classical attainments acquired through his university career gave promise of future excellence. His studies were, however, interrupted by what, to many men, would have proved a severe calamity. In the college dining-hall, a playful classmate threw at him a crust of bread, which struck one of his eyes. With that eye he never could afterwards do more than distinguish light from darkness. By the injury, the other eye was also sympathetically affected, and for many months he was shut up at home, suffering great pain, in a dark room. "In all that trying season," said his mother, in after years, "I never groped my way across the apartment to take my place by his side, that he did not greet me with some hearty expression of good cheer, as if we were the patients, and it were his place to comfort us." Although the injury to the destroyed organ became in time hardly perceptible, the remaining eye was permanently weakened; and Prescott, finding himself unfit for any pursuit in which strong eyesight was indispensable, relin-

quished his intention of adopting the law as his profession. His father having inherited a sufficient fortune, which his practice at the bar had greatly increased, he was happily in a position of social independence. Soon after leaving college he was recommended to travel for advice and for the benefit of his health. Crossing the Atlantic, he visited London and Paris, and consulted the best oculists there: but found that his case was one which their art had little power of relieving. From the pleasures and advantages of travel the weak state of his eyes in a great degree debarred him; but he went over a considerable portion of England, France, and Italy: and he resided for several months at Rome and Naples, where he chiefly employed himself in examining the remains of antiquity and in reviewing the classical reading of his youth. Excepting Belgium, he never beheld with his bodily eye any of the countries, either in Europe or America, which his pen has painted so well, and with which his name will be inseparably connected. After an absence of two years he returned to Boston in improved general health, but with eyesight, as was now obvious, permanently impaired. He soon after married Susan, daughter of Thomas C. Amory, one of the most eminent merchants of Boston, and settled down in his father's family. From 1817 Judge Prescott inhabited till 1844, when he died, an old-fashioned house in Bedford Street. It was a square edifice of brick, and painted yellow, standing alone amongst some fine elms and chestnut trees. Here the future historian commenced a life of literary labor which was rarely interrupted. "I had early conceived," he said, in a letter to a friend in after years, "a strong passion for historical writing, to which, perhaps, the reading of Gibbon's autobiography contributed not a little. I proposed to make myself an historian in the best sense of the term, and hoped to produce something which posterity would not willingly let die. In a memorandum book dated so far back as the year 1819, I find the desire intimated; and I proposed to devote ten years of my life to the study of ancient and modern literature, chiefly the latter: and to give ten years more to some historical work. I have had the good fortune to accomplish this design pretty nearly within the limits assigned." In the pursuance of this plan, he was very methodical in the apportionment of hours as well as years, and rarely allowed his arrangement to be interfered with. He rose early, walked for half an hour before breakfast, and dined at half-past two. Five hours a day he passed at work in his study; three hours, broken by half an hour's walk before dinner, and two in the evening, from six to eight. He

took a great deal of exercise on foot and on horseback, generally walking and riding alone: a peculiarity which he shared with his father. Although social in their habits and tenderly attached to each other, it was observed that the judge and his son, in setting out at the same moment for a walk or a ride, generally went different ways.

For some years after his return home, Mr. Prescott employed himself in the study of French and Italian literature. Of Italian literature he became exceedingly fond, and for some time contemplated undertaking its history: a scheme which, however, he eventually abandoned on account of the great amount of reading which it involved. The valuable papers which he contributed to the *North American Review*, and which have several times been printed in a collected form, in some degree mark the amount of his studies. The first of these was an essay on "Italian Narrative Poetry," published in October, 1824; the last a review of Mr. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. He also wrote in 1834, for Spark's *American Biography*, a pleasing life of Charles Brockden Brown, which likewise appears amongst his *Critical and Historical Essays*.

To the serious study of the language, literature, and history of Spain, he did not devote himself until 1825, when he began to lay the foundation of that fine series of historical writings upon which his fame rests. After much reading and deliberation, he fixed upon the reign of the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, as the subject of his first work. These great rulers, under whose wedded sceptres Castile and Arragon became one monarchy, the remarkable group of personages who surrounded their thrones, including Cardinal Ximenes, the great captain, and Columbus, and the spirit-stirring events which made their reign so glorious for Spain, and so important in the annals of the world, might at that time have been said almost to have escaped the notice of English writers. The story of Columbus had, indeed, been told by Robertson with a grace which compensates the defects of a narrative, of which the meagreness and inaccuracy are to be ascribed to the want not of diligence but materials. But the rest of the field was ground almost untrodden by English, French, or German writers. What little had been written on the subject in these languages had been taken almost exclusively from Italian authorities. To the rich materials afforded by the neglected Spanish chronicles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there had been lately added many new and valuable stores, the fruits of the patient toil of several modern Spaniards, who were rather makers of historical collections, than writers

of history. Mr. Prescott's choice was, therefore, eminently happy, both as regards the interest and the freshness of his subject, and the abundance of choice materials. He commenced his work in 1827. The remarkable difficulties which lay in his way, and the patient resolution with which they were overcome, renders this work memorable in literary history. Its progress may, therefore, be traced with some minuteness in the language, as far as possible, of a letter written by Mr. Prescott himself in later years, when that slow and painful progress had become a portion of his triumph. For some years his eyesight had been sufficiently strong to admit of his using it for several hours a day in reading. He had already accumulated a considerable number of books and manuscripts relating to the period of which he was about to treat. A still larger number purchased for him in Europe, were on their way to Boston. "But just before these materials arrived," he wrote, "my eye had experienced so severe a strain that I enjoyed no use of it again for reading for several years. It has, indeed, never since fully recovered its strength, nor have I ever ventured to use it again by candlelight. I well remember the blank despair which I felt when my literary treasures arrived from Spain, and I saw the mine of wealth lying round me which I was forbidden to explore. I determined to see what could be done with the eyes of another. I remembered that Johnson had said in reference to Milton, that the great poet had abandoned his projected history of England, finding it scarcely possible for a man without eyes to pursue a historical work requiring reference to various authorities. The remark piqued me to make an attempt.

"I obtained the services of a reader who knew no language but his own. I taught him to pronounce the Castilian in a manner suited, I suspect, much more to my ear than to that of a Spaniard; and we began our wearisome journey through Mariana's noble *History*. I cannot even now call to mind without a smile the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half-intelligible vocabulary. But in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by the consciousness of my own improvement: and when we had toiled our way through seven quartos, I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English. My reader's office required the more patience: he had not even this result to cheer him in his labor.

"I now felt that the great difficulty could be overcome, and I obtained the services of a reader whose acquaintance with modern and ancient tongues supplied, so far as it could be supplied, the deficiency of eyesight on my part. But though in this way I could examine various authorities, it was not easy to arrange in my mind the results of my reading, drawn from different and often contradictory accounts. To do this I dictated copious notes as I went along: and when I had read enough for a chapter,—from thirty to forty, and sometimes fifty pages in length,—I had a mass of memoranda in my own language which would easily bring before me at one view the fruits of my researches. Those notes were carefully read to me: and while my recent studies were fresh in my recollection, I ran over the whole of my intended chapter in my mind. This process I repeated at least half a dozen times: so that when I finally put my pen to paper it ran off pretty glibly, for it was an effort of memory rather than creation. This method had the advantage of saving me from the perplexity of frequently referring to the scattered passages in the originals, and it enabled me to make the corrections in my own mind which are usually made in the manuscript, and which with my mode of writing, as I shall explain, would have much embarrassed me. Yet I must admit that this method of composition, when the chapter was very long, was somewhat too heavy a strain on the memory to be altogether recommended.

"Writing presented me a difficulty even greater than reading. Thierry, the famous blind historian of the Norman Conquest, advised me to cultivate dictation: but I have usually preferred a substitute that I found in a writing case made for the blind, which I procured in London forty years since. It is a simple apparatus, often described by me for the benefit of persons whose vision is imperfect. It consists of a frame of the size of a piece of paper, traversed by brass wires as many as lines are wanted on the page, and, with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks, which he cannot see, on the white page below. This treadmill operation has its defects; and I have repeatedly supposed I had accomplished a good page, and was proceeding in all the glow of composition to go ahead, when I found I had forgotten to insert a sheet of my writing paper below, that my labor had been all thrown away, and that the leaf looked as blank as myself. Notwithstanding these

and other whimsical distresses of the kind, I have found my writing case my best friend in my lonely hours, and with it have written nearly all that I have sent into the world the last forty years.

"The manuscript thus written and deciphered—for it was in the nature of hieroglyphics—by my secretary was then read to me for correction, and copied off in a fair hand for the printer. All this, it may be thought, was rather a slow process, requiring the virtue of patience in all the parties concerned. But in time my eyes improved again. Before I had finished *Ferdinand and Isabella* I could use them some hours every day: and thus they have continued till within a few years, though subject to occasional interruptions, sometimes of weeks and sometimes of months, when I could not look at a book. And this circumstance, as well as habit (second nature), has let me to adhere still to my early method of composition. Of late years I have suffered not so much from inability of the eye as dimness of the vision: and the warning comes that the time is not far distant when I must rely exclusively on the eyes of another for the prosecution of my studies. Perhaps it should be received as a warning that it is time to close them altogether."

Thus ten busy years rolled away. During that time appeared the *Life of Columbus* and the *Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada*, the brilliant works of Washington Irving: and it is probable that Mr. Prescott felt a natural pang at thus finding himself forestalled by a formidable and already popular rival in two of the most attractive passages of his *History*. After ten years of toil, however, the *History* was completed. Of the work, as it proceeded, four copies were printed in a large type, to enable the author to refer to it with ease, and with ample margins for annotations. It was submitted to the judgment of his father, Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Sparks, and other friends, and received their cordial approbation. For some time, however, Mr. Prescott hesitated to publish it, and it was eventually given to the world in consequence of the urgency of his literary advisers. It appeared (in 3 vols. 8vo.) towards the end of 1837 both in Boston and in London. On both sides of the Atlantic its success was great. An article in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. ccxxxviii., 1839), written by Don Pascual de Gayangos, than whom no man was better qualified to judge of its merits, and whose English is no less elegant than his Castilian, pronounced it "one of the most successful historical productions of our time." In the *Quarterly Review* (No. cxxvii., 1839) Mr. Ford also expressed his high admiration of a work on which no English-



man was better fitted to pass a judgment than himself, and bade Mr. Prescott welcome to the high place which he had at once achieved in English letters. He characterized the book as "by much the first historical work which America has yet produced, and one that need not fear comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began." Germany, France, and Spain, acknowledged the merits of the new historian by transplanting his work into their respective languages: and the Spanish Royal Academy of History did him and itself honor by enrolling him amongst its members.

Six years later, in 1843, *The Conquest of Mexico* (in 3 vols. 8vo.) and in four years more, in 1847, *The Conquest of Peru* (in 2 vols. 8vo.), proved that the industry of Mr. Prescott was stimulated by success, and that his skill was considerably heightened by practice and experience. In these histories Mr. Prescott had not been forestalled by any popular writer: and he led not only his English readers but the readers of the various European countries into whose languages the works were almost immediately translated, into what were to most of them fresh fields and pastures new. Both *Mexico* and *Peru* were received with immense applause. Like *Ferdinand and Isabella*, they have been frequently reprinted: and they bid fair to remain, for many an age to come, the standard histories of some of the most interesting and eventful periods of human action and enterprise. Their merit obtained for the author unsolicited election into many of the chief literary societies in Europe and America. Amongst other learned bodies, the Institute of France placed his name in 1845 on the list of its corresponding members. The sale of his writings became a source of income, of which the author's share has been estimated at from £4,000 to £5,000 a year.

*Peru* accomplished, Mr. Prescott turned to collect materials, or rather to complete the large stock of materials already collected, for the *History of Philip II.*, the work which he intended to be the great achievement of his later life, and the crown of his historical labors. While preparing for this extensive work, embracing the world's history during the last forty-five years of the sixteenth century, Mr. Prescott indulged himself with a short visit to England. He arrived here in the summer of 1850. Many years before, he had passed through England as a young and comparatively unknown traveller: he now returned to it the American whom, of all others, perhaps, intelligent Englishmen were most desirous to see and converse with. During his sojourn in London Mr. Prescott

was one of the most observed and popular personages in a society ever "to famous wits native or hospitable." In truth he did not need his fame to aid his social success. His fine presence and countenance, his pleasing conversation, and his perfect manners, would have insured him a welcome even as a nameless stranger. He had the happy gift of at once adapting himself to his company, and catching its best tone: and his varied stores of knowledge, his wide acquaintance with men, quick observation of character, and his even and genial flow of spirits, enabled him, without pause or effort, to find some common ground of thought and sympathy with every one with whom he was brought into brief and casual contact. In the course of a few weeks he became the friend of all the most distinguished members of London society. The university of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In the early autumn he also visited some of his friends at their country houses, and made a brief tour in Scotland. He also crossed the channel for the purpose of consulting some of the libraries in Belgium, and of examining some of the more remarkable historical monuments and sites of that interesting country.

Four years afterwards, in 1854, two volumes of *Philip II.* were ready for the press. Mr. Prescott had made an arrangement with an English publisher, by which he was to receive £1,000 for each volume of the work, which it was supposed would extend to six volumes. This bargain was, however, subject to the decision of the House of Lords in a case then pending, which involved the question of international protection to literary enterprise. That decision, affirming a previous judgment of the Barons of Exchequer, declared that no American, not domiciled in England at the time of the publication of his book, could claim the benefit of our copyright law, and therefore put an end to the transaction. The letter containing this unpleasant news reached Mr. Prescott while he and an English guest, Mr. C. R. Weld (who has recorded the circumstance in his *Vacation Tour*, 8vo. London, 1855) were deep in argument on the copyright question. The historian mentioned the new illustration of the hardships to which the state of our international law exposed authors—the annulment of a bargain by which he lost £6,000—with perfect equanimity. If Mr. Prescott had thought proper to have resided in England during and for a certain time before and after, the publication of the book, he might have reaped the full benefit of its great success on both sides of the Atlantic. But he would not take this course. At a great pecuniary sacrifice, he preferred to present the world with one signal exam-

ple more of the injustice to which the writers of England and America are exposed by the want of a reasonable system of international copyright,—a want for which the American legislature appears to be wholly responsible.

Two volumes of *Philip II.* appeared in 1855. The year following, Mr. Prescott supplied to an editor of *Robertson's Charles V.* a sequel, in which he related, in his usual agreeable style, the true history of the emperor's retirement and death: events upon which recently discovered documents have thrown so much light. The same year, 1856, he contributed to an American periodical called the *National Portrait Gallery*, a graceful biographical sketch of his old friend Abbot Lawrence, one of the most successful merchants, ablest statesmen, and worthiest citizens of the United States: a sketch which was afterwards published in a separate quarto form.

Mr. Prescott's literary labors were carried on during six winter months at Boston, in summer at his marine villa at Nahant, and in autumn at his country house at Pepperell. Soon after the death of his father, which took place in 1844, he removed his town residence from Bedford Street, where the old mansion was soon afterwards pulled down, to 55 Beacon Street, a spacious house overlooking the Common, and commanding a fine view of land and water. To the back of this abode he added a noble room to contain his library. Over its western bay window hung two crossed swords: one of these had been worn at Bunker Hill by his grandfather, Colonel Prescott: the other had been also drawn in that battle by the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott, Captain Lingee, who commanded the British sloop *Falcon*, one of the naval squadron which severely galled the lines of the republicans. The collection of books was extensive and valuable, and related chiefly to the subjects of Mr. Prescott's own writings. His own study was a smaller room above, and communicating with this library. The abode at Nahant, in which, during twenty years, he passed the hotter months, was a cottage of two stories, with a broad verandah, perched on a cliff overlooking the ocean, and watered by its stormy spray. "It is," he said, "the coolest spot in New England: it is called the Fitful Head; and Norma's was not wilder." During the last six years of his life his summers were spent at another house in the same neighborhood, but less romantically situated, at Lynn Beach. His autumnal retreat at Pepperell was forty-two miles from Boston, on the border line of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The estate, consisting of some two hundred and fifty acres, and called

the Highlands, lies in a fine, undulating country bordered on the N.W. by a wild mountain range. It has been in the family about a hundred and fifty years, and is wooded with fine avenues and groves of oak, chestnut, walnut, and maple. The mansion, an old-fashioned, rambling, roomy farmhouse, with white walls and green blinds, is seated on a gentle eminence overlooking the clear windings and rich pastures of the beautiful Nissitisset. A garden, an orchard, fish-ponds, and green lawns shaded by some noble butternuts, surrounded the house; and near it a grove of stately oaks leads into a venerable fragment of the primeval forest. Within the porch, the low ceiling and spacious fireplaces, the old furniture, and a closet full of old books, are relics of the simple, homely habits of the past century.

On the 4th of February, 1858, Mr. Prescott's labors at Boston were interrupted by a slight paralytic shock; but he soon rallied from the effects of it, and his family and friends were under no apprehension of further consequences. From that time he lived wholly on a vegetable diet, and used wine even more sparingly than before. He took less pleasure also in general society, and spent his leisure hours more constantly at home and with his grandchildren, of whose innocent company he was never weary. His sight was for some time a good deal weakened, but it gradually returned to its usual condition, and he was able to resume his literary pursuits for two or three hours a day. Towards the end of the year the third volume of *Philip II.* appeared, and was received both in England and America with the applause to which the author had now been long accustomed.

On the 26th of January, 1859, he was at home at Boston. On the evening of that day a friend from New York, the Rev. William Milburn, called upon him. They had not met since Mr. Prescott's illness. The guest observed that his host entered the library to receive him with a slower and heavier step than had been his wont in former years, and that in speaking his utterance was occasionally somewhat thick and imperfect. His manner, however, had lost nothing of its accustomed warmth; and he spoke of old friends, living and dead, with his usual feeling and cordiality. Of his own stroke of paralysis he likewise talked with perfect calmness, said that it had weakened him and affected his sight, but that he was now able again to take exercise and pursue his work for two or three hours a day. Mr. Agassiz, and the interruption of his scientific labors by injured eyesight, were mentioned, and led Mr. Prescott to express his sympathy, and speak of an infirmity which was

common both to himself and his guest, Mr. Milburn being also partially blind. "These men with eyes," said he, "have us at a serious disadvantage. While they run, we can only limp. But I have nothing to complain of, nor have you. Providence has singularly taken care of both, and by compensation keeps the balance even." He spoke also with warm affection of England, which Mr. Milburn had lately visited, and of their friends there. On being asked when he was coming to New York, he replied, "I suppose the days of my long journeys are over, and that, like Horace, I must content myself with my three houses. You know I go at the commencement of summer to my cottage by the sea-side at Lynn Beach; and at autumn to my patrimonial acres at Pepperell, to sit under the trees I sat under when a boy; and then with winter come to hibernate in this house. This is the only travelling, I suppose, I shall do until I go to my long home." These words were spoken almost on the threshold of that final abode. On Friday, 28th January, he was so well that, although the morning was wet, he proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, between seven and eight, to inquire after a sick relative. With some difficulty Mrs. Prescott prevailed on him to remain within doors. After breakfast she read to him, as was her habit, the morning papers. She then left him with his secretary in his study. Some time afterwards, about half-past twelve, he rose and went into an adjoining apartment. In a few minutes, the secretary, hearing a groan, followed, and found him dead to all consciousness, smitten with a second stroke of paralysis. Medical aid proved unavailing; he never spoke again; and about two in the afternoon he expired.

According to his wish, his body was laid for a while in his library, near the hearth of his affections, amongst his well-beloved books, and beneath the portraits of those to whom his pen had given new life. From thence, on the 31st of January, it was borne to the vault of the Prescott family in St. Paul's Episcopal church. It was followed to the tomb by a company such as the death of no man of letters had ever before assembled in America, paying to his great name and noble nature a tribute of tears and mourning "which" as one of themselves remarked, "would have been dearer to his heart than all the intellectual triumphs of his life."

Mr. Prescott left behind him a widow, two sons, and a daughter. He never, at any period of his life, took any active part in public business or in politics. Born and educated in the Unitarian persuasion, he adhered to it through life; although for many

years he attended the services of an Episcopal congregation of which his old tutor and friend, Dr. Gardiner, was the minister. Of his face and person several excellent memorials remain in the portraits executed in America by Mr. Ames and Mr. Whipple, and in England, in 1850, by Mr. H. W. Phillips and Mr. George Richmond. These, as well as several photographs, have been engraved. Tall and slender in figure, he had a countenance singularly comely, expressive, and engaging. His fresh complexion and his waving brown hair, scarcely tinged with gray, gave him until the last a very youthful appearance. His eminence as a writer was not more cordially recognized than the remarkable worth and beauty of his character as a man. In the management of his affairs, as in the disposal of his time and the arrangement of his study, bookshelves, and writing-table, he displayed a strong love of method and order. Prudent and considerate in small things as well as great, he was liberal in all his dealings, and open-hearted in his unostentatious benevolence. Adored by his family and familiar friends, he was hardly less esteemed by the whole society of his native city. In his successes, literary and social, almost every American with whom his friends in Europe conversed appeared to take a personal interest and to feel an honest pride. Amongst the organs of the press, and at the meetings of various literary societies, his death elicited the most touching expressions of regard and respect from many of the most distinguished of his countrymen. "All who knew him," said Mr. Bancroft, "will say that he was greater and better than his writings. Standing as it were by his grave we cannot recall any thing in his manner, his character, his endowments, or his conduct, we could wish changed." Mr. Ticknor remarked, "that he was loved of all who knew him for the transparent sincerity of his nature, his open and warm sympathies, and for the faithful affections to which years and the changes of life only added freshness and strength." "Of all men whom I have known," said his classmate, Dr. Walker, president of Harvard University, "I have never known one so little changed by the hard trial of success and prosperity. At college and on the morning of the day he died he was the same in his disposition, the same in his outward manners, the same in his habit of thought and feeling, the same, to a remarkable degree, in his attitudes and looks. He was one of that happy few whom all love to hear praised."

As a writer, Mr. Prescott occupies a distinguished place in the first rank of English historians. His fidelity and industry—qual-

ities which form the foundation of historical merit—are universally acknowledged. It has been doubted, and it is doubtful, whether his powers of philosophical analysis were equal to his skill in syncretical arrangement: whether he could penetrate to vital principles as happily as he could marshal facts and picture events. It is certain that the latter portions of the duty of an historian were those to which he specially applied himself. His practice may be justified on the ground of the subdivision of literary labor which at present obtains, greatly to the advantage of the accuracy of our knowledge. To describe clearly what was done in a particular age, and how it was done, is in itself an important and difficult task; to show why it was done, by discovering the hidden causes which shaped and colored events, belongs perhaps more properly to writers who take a more comprehensive view of the chart of the world's history. In the art of narrative Mr. Prescott has few rivals—very few equals—in our language. So pure and idiomatic is his English that it is rarely indeed that the most critical ear detects, in the use of a word or the construction of a phrase, the transatlantic origin of the writer. The introduction to the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*—a review of the early annals and political constitution of Castile and Arragon—is one of the most comprehensive surveys of a great subject ever presented to the historical student. The condition and relations of the crown, the nobles, the clergy, the cities, and the commons, are painted with a masterly hand, and are presented in a picture at once clear, concise, and complete. The wily, able Ferdinand and the good Isabella, the model of womanly heroism, are portrayed with consummate skill and delicacy: and neither Robertson nor Irving has excelled in easy grace the narratives of the siege of Malaga and the crowning conquest of Granada. In the *Conquest of Mexico* and the *Conquest of Peru*, and especially in the chapters on the civilization of the Aztecs and the Incas, Mr. Prescott displays great sagacity in assorting the scattered fragments of social edifices, which were destroyed before they could be intelligently delineated, and in recalling to their living forms the dry bones of the extinct races which inhabited them. He also appears to have shaken off the diffidence of a stranger in the historical field. His style betokens more self-confidence, and is bolder and more animated. His descriptions of scenery, in which he is always happy, and never redundant, are more full and varied, and are elaborated with the greater care which was required by the strangeness of unfamiliar lands. Mexico spreads her matchless val-

ley, her lake, and her imperial city before our eyes: we wander through the royal gardens, beneath the giant cedars of Tescuco, the golden halls of the Inca and the blazing temples of the sun unfold themselves before us: we follow the silver-shod cavalry of Pizarro through the flowery dales of the Cordilleras, or we ascend through the pastures of the llama or the stern regions where the condor hovers in the tropical sun around the peaks of the Andes. The account of the *triste noche*, the rueful night, in which, after the death of Montezuma, Cortez and his band retreated across the lake and along the broken causeway, cutting their way through a nation in arms, is one of the finest pieces of modern historical painting. In the *Reign of Philip II.* unflagging strength and unabated fire are displayed in the treatment of the troubles in the Low Countries, the siege of Malta, the rebellion of the Mexicans, and the battle of Lepanto.

Mr. Prescott's chapters on manners and literature are not less lively and picturesque than his record of contemporary events which these chapters illustrate. Of modern historians he was one of the first to acknowledge and to exhibit the importance of this kind of illustration, which his immediate predecessors had been too much in the habit of neglecting. In another respect also his works set an example well worthy of general adoption. Not content with embodying the result of his own researches, he constructed a road to the fountains from whence he had drawn and the mines in which he had toiled, in order, to use his own words, "to put the reader in a position for judging for himself, and thus for revising and, if need be, of reversing, the judgments of the historian." Of all his chief authorities he has left us elaborate biographical notices, showing their means of obtaining a true knowledge of facts, the circumstances and influences to which they were exposed, the complexion of their minds, and the value of their evidence. Were this method of writing history general, we should lose some ingenious books, but we should also escape the noxious influence of many dishonest ones. On those who read critically Mr. Prescott's plan must have already had a wholesome effect. From him many such readers must have learned to distrust even the most brilliant of the writing craft who withhold the grounds of their faith and facts, who cite sparingly and loosely, and impudently tell the world that they have drawn materials, perhaps for caricatures of the past and slanders on the dead, from sources so numerous as to defy specification.

As a critic and essayist, Mr. Prescott would have attained great eminence had he

pursued that path of letters. His essays on Cervantes, Molière, Scott, and Italian narrative poetry are written with much taste, and with a just appreciation of their subjects. His reviews are none of them examples of the slashing style of criticism. When he turned aside from his own chosen course, it was for the purpose of throwing some fresh light upon the old master-pieces, or of bidding an unknown fellow-laborer welcome to the temple of Fame. If a blockhead was to be lashed or a knave exposed, he left them to critics who loved to perform such operations. It was very characteristic of his gentle and genial nature that he pref-

aced his volume of essays, which most readers will be disposed to regard as eminently calm and candid in tone, with the wish "that some of his critical judgments had been expressed in a more qualified and temperate manner." When those who knew and loved Mr. Prescott shall have passed away, his memory will still be cherished by his countrymen, not only for the sake of works which will always rank amongst the chief monuments of American literature, but also for the sake of his pure and graceful life, which did honor to the literary calling.

W. S.

**A THREATENING LETTER.**—In Paris, last week, a threatening letter writer of a very original species appeared at the bar of the correctional tribunal. He was a ladies' shoemaker, named Mathieu, who, being hard up for money, conceived the idea of writing his memoirs, together with, to use his own expression, "the biography of the feet" of all his customers. He sent a circular, together with a proof sheet, to every one of them, politely stating that any lady who might wish her name not to appear in his book must be good enough to remit him the sum of 15 francs. The following specimens of the biography were read in court. Madame A—, lives Rue —, No. —, first floor; married in 1844, three children; pays badly; feet very difficult to fit, instep too flat, two corns and three bunions; walks awkwardly, and wears her shoes out in the inside very fast. Madame B—, Rue —, No. —, two pair back; still an old maid; borrows children to take with her into the Tuileries Garden; pays her bills, but makes a hard bargain; feet spreading, toes crowding one over the other; two corns and a bunion. Madame B—, Rue —, No. —, fifth floor; formerly kept a cookshop; has two sons, privates in the army of Africa; two unmarried daughters; gives her children nothing, and never pays until served with a writ; feet flat, large, and fatty, and very apt to burst the leathers; a great many corns and bunions all mixed up together. Several of the ladies applied to were weak enough to pay the 15 francs, but others complained to the police, and the literary shoemaker has been condemned, for *escroquerie*, to a month's imprisonment.

**Rights and Wrongs.** A Manual of Household Law. By Albany Fonblanque, Jun., Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Author of "How we are Governed." Routledge and Co.

COMPREHENSIVE, well-arranged, explicit, and

well-indexed, this is a household book of law useful to everybody. Of the law governing the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, partners in business, landlord and tenant, master and apprentice, master and servant; of what may be done legally between debtor and creditor; of the law of negotiable instruments and I O U's; of the law regulating joint-stock companies, and of the game laws; of law as it affects wills, and of the legal information needed by executors, this handy volume is a repertory. The man who thinks he has been wronged in any case, and wants to "know the rights of it," will probably by turning to this manual find out in a minute whether he has reason for complaint, and whether he has reason to call in a lawyer. Our law supposes every man to be acquainted with the duties it imposes on those under it. Litigation very often springs out of the prevailing ignorance of its conditions. A volume of this kind is therefore not a stimulus to litigation, but an aid to the diffusion of that knowledge from the want of which so many disputes before the law courts have originated. Knowing the permanent value of a work like this, the author has constructed it most carefully. Brought up from time to time to the level of current legislation, it is a book that probably will pass through numerous editions.—*Examiner*.

THE geography of this continent continues to interest explorers and readers in Europe. Messrs Longman announce in their list of novelties two books on the subject—"Narrative of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition," by Henry J. Hind, M. A., with colored maps and plates; and "Seven Years' residence on the Great Deserts of North America," by the Abbé Domenece, with a map and sixty illustrations.—*Tribune*.



BARON VON STEUBEN.

A paper read before the Massachusetts Genealogical Society at their March meeting.

BY THE REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

AN article at the close of *Littell's Living Age* for Jan. 14, 1860, from that London journal of high repute, the *Athenæum*, closes with the charge against our country that "by the state and by private individuals Von Steuben seems to have been grievously wronged;" and, in a previous paragraph, remarks that "the American government has not cared to cherish the memory of the man who saved their army from dissolution—therefore we are the less surprised that American people have not cared to respect his grave."

These charges from so high a source we desire as briefly and dispassionately as possible to examine. If fully sustained they are an indelible stain upon national history: if contradicted by undeniable facts, they ought not to stand on the pages of any respectable American journal unrebuked.

Two distinct subjects enter into our inquiry, 1st, the precise quality of Steuben's services: 2nd, how far those services are and were recognized and rewarded.

The services which the baron rendered were great but not brilliant—were such as contributed to other men's fame rather than his own—were felt in the improved condition of the military rather than illustrated on any field which brings renown to his single name. Educated under the great Frederic of Prussia, he was the best disciplinarian America had then seen. He appeared on the stage of strife after the surrender of Burgoyne; but, at the moment when discipline was at the lowest ebb. This he reformed entirely—beginning at the beginning, practising the soldiers himself frequently, being perfectly indefatigable in this driest, hardest, least popular kind of work. Really, his services as drill-serjeant were inestimable. The bayonet (which was despised and thrown aside by the militia), he brought into use and made effective. He drew up the system of military tactics which continued in use until that of Gen. Scott. Hundreds of thousands of dollars he saved to the country by introducing a rigid system of inspection. As recruiting-officer in Virginia for General Greene he did every thing man could do to spur the slothful, encourage the timid, arouse the indifferent, revive the despairing. Against the popular feeling in Virginia, unsustained by its office-loving officials, aided by no military chest, by his perseverance through sickness, disappointment, insult, he certainly accomplished wonders: yet what he had to show for it on paper were chiefly quarrels and complaints.

In every thing connected with the fortification of the country, the organization of its military establishment, the creation of West Point Academy, Steuben was foremost in drawing plans, suggesting improvements, and adapting the experience of Europe to the necessities of America.

These were services which money could not pay—but, were they such as our public (eager for immediate, brilliant results) were likely to appreciate? Frederic of Prussia would have rewarded such genius, which *he*, indeed, could perfectly appreciate, with the richest prizes and highest honors a military despotism could bestow. But, in a pacific republic, the inventor of a more economical bridge, a locomotive of greater force, a sewing machine of stronger stitch can expect a thousand-fold compensation, in money and in fame. As friends of peace, we cannot complain of this. The superior estimation of the discoverer and inventor in our country belongs to the nature of its institutions, the tendency of the times, the hopes of the future. Steuben's work (admirable as it was) belonged to that class in which no Christian nation ought to excel, and a commercial republic least of all. Indeed, it may be considered a necessity that an isolated nation like ours should not overestimate military genius, as is commonly done in the warlike kingdoms of Europe.

But, the more important question is the second, Were these great services to the cause of freedom ever denied? Was Steuben's share in the glorious results usurped by any more plausible claimant? Is there a disposition now, or was there ever, on the part of government or people, to obscure a brilliant name because borne by a foreigner? We cannot find that there was. Taking into account the utter exhaustion of the country, the desperate condition of the finances, the pressure of debts which there seemed no means to pay,—debts from abroad as well as at home,—the numbers of American officers turned adrift to starve at the end of the war, was Steuben's case singled out (for that is the substance of the charge) by the "grievous wrong of the state and of individuals?"

Friedrich Kapp's recent biography, which furnishes this charge, furnishes, too, this statement of the baron's rewards. Besides the special favor of Washington (who honored him with a mission to the governor of Canada after the war), and the admiring friendship of Gen. Greene, and the exceeding popularity he enjoyed in the best society of New York, Congress (Jan. 4, 1787) voted him a gold-hilted sword as a testimonial of their high sense of his military talent, services, and character, with a suitable inscription. From Jan. 1, 1790, it bestowed upon

him an annuity of \$2,500 for life in full of all claims and demands. In 1779 he received nearly \$700 as travelling expenses—during the war he received a salary of about \$9,000—and \$7,000 more as “a gratification.” Besides that, individual states were not slow to evince their gratitude in the only possible way during that impoverished period. Before the conclusion of peace the State of Pennsylvania made him a citizen, and added the more substantial present of two thousand acres of land in Westmoreland Co. Virginia presented him fifteen thousand acres between the Muskingum and the great Miami. New Jersey gave him the life-lease of a forfeited estate of John Zabriskie—in the immediate neighborhood of New York, which Steuben generously settled upon the impoverished Zabriskie. The cities of Albany and New York voted him their freedom; and the State of New York added sixteen thousand acres (not as the *Athenæum* states in the “far west”), but near the present city of Utica—land which Steuben considered the

best of its kind, and which as a separate township bears his name to this hour.

These certainly—for a man without a family, and a volunteer at a time that the army was overrun with foreign adventurers, though entirely inadequate to his just claims, do not appear like a “grievous wrong.” Besides, he was elected president of the Cincinnati and regent of the University of New York; and, though it is true a public road was made over his solitary grave, he now rests within an inviolable rustic enclosure of five acres’ extent, marked by a gravestone which Lafayette meanly refused to inaugurate with his presence. A mural tablet with a handsome inscription commemorates his fame upon the walls of the German Reformed Church in Forsyth St., New York: but, his real desert could not expect adequate public acknowledgment because it was the very kind which no public, least of all an unmillitary one like ours could be expected to appreciate.

**THE LIME LIGHT.**—A new, brilliant, and very economical light has recently been tested on a large scale at the Crystal Palace, London. It is described as more powerful than the gas from coal, giving an intensity of brightness—with steadiness, continuity, and diffusiveness. In short, it is in every way practically available for the ordinary purposes of life. The new light is obtained by projecting a jet of oxygen and hydrogen, or oxygen and carburetted hydrogen gases combined, upon a surface of lime, and so regulating the supply and protecting the lime from crumbling away, as to insure with perfect continuity a maximum brilliancy of intensity. The power of illumination is immense, a single jet of medium size being equivalent to the light of four hundred wax candles of four to the pound. It is represented to be peculiarly adapted for coast lights, steamers, sailing-vessels, railways, signals, bridges, wharves, churches, factories, public rooms, squares, large and important thoroughfares. For its portability, it is eminently adapted for military operations in the field, both in attack and defence of important positions, as well as the service of the sea generally. On the score of expense, the saving is very great. The lime light costs two cents an hour, coal gas eight cents, and oil thirty cents for the same amount of illumination. The experiment and effulgent display are described as surpassing the expectations even of the most sanguine visitors.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND DR. LIVINGSTONE.

—The London correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* writes: “I am glad to hear that the government have been shamed into generosity by Dr. Livingstone’s determination to provide, out of his own pocket, a new steam-launch for the Zambesi expedition, in consequence of the failure of the Birkenhead boat. The chancellor of the exchequer has intimated the intention of the government to defray the cost of the new steam-launch. Mr. Gladstone has also sanctioned the appropriation of £2,500 to the expense of a new expedition from Zanzibar, under Captain Speke, for the further exploration of the Nyanza chain of lakes, with a view to an attempt at descent of the Nile from its supposed source in or about those mysterious island waters of Central Africa. Captain Speke was associated with Captain Burton in the discovery of these lakes, and is a most enterprising explorer and diligent observer. Captain Burton has the more adventurous and daring elements of the traveller’s character; Captain Speke, I understand, is even more highly gifted with the scientific ones.”

The standard and definitive edition of that most French of French classics, “The Letters of Madame de Sévigné,” is about being published by M. Hachette & Co. It will form ten volumes, octavo, and its preparation has occupied the editor, M. de Monmergue, for more than twenty years.—*Tribune*.

From The Saturday Review, 18 Feb.  
THE FEELINGS OF FRANCE TOWARDS  
ENGLAND.

It is extremely difficult for any one person, however great may be his opportunities, and however anxious he may be to arrive at the truth, to obtain sufficient information upon such a subject as that above named to entitle him to speak with authority. The conclusions which we are about to state are the result of a residence in Paris from the second week of October, 1859, to the end of January, 1860—that is, during the period in which three great questions occupied the minds of most thinking persons in that city; namely, the chances of a rupture with England, the settlement of Italy, and the Commercial Treaty. They are based upon conversations with many of the most eminent men, and with representatives of all the great sections of political opinion in France.

First, then, a war with England would undoubtedly, at its commencement, be popular with the masses. When the first Napoleon fell, his rule was looked back to with detestation; but the blunders of the Bourbons, the writings of men like Beranger and Thiers, and the disastrous failure of the Revolution of 1848, have given to his name immense popularity amongst the countless peasants of France; and hatred of England is almost inseparable from worship of her great enemy. Secondly, there are numerous classes which dislike us for special reasons. The navy burns to avenge its defeats, and perhaps overrates its own strength, great as that undoubtedly is. Its views are shared by the mercantile marine and by the whole seafaring population—even by the fishermen of the Channel and the Atlantic coasts. The enmity of the army is perhaps less intense, but it is capable of being at any moment excited to the necessary point. It is possible that a campaign on the Rhine might have greater attractions for some minds, but the French soldier of 1860 cares more for plunder than for “an idea;” and the wealth of London is a great temptation. The whole of the Ultramontane party detests us cordially. The manufacturers have always regarded us with a jealous eye, and in every rank of French society, even amongst the most enlightened persons, there is a vague impression—which is perpetually showing itself in the most unexpected ways—that England is governed by statesmen of profound sagacity, guided by immemorial traditions, who ceaselessly labor, “without haste, yet without rest,” to undermine other nations, and to advance the interests of their own country. Let any one remember the state of Europe on the 8th of December, 1859, and compare it with the following not-

able assertion: “You English are thwarting France in Italy—you are insulting us; but we insult nobody.” These words, uttered in our hearing, were not those of a lunatic or a schoolboy. They were the words of a man of the very first importance, long a cabinet minister, deservedly ranked amongst the foremost writers of his country, and known in all the ends of the earth.

We are very far from asserting that England has not many and warm friends amongst our neighbors. We believe it will be found, almost universally, that foreigners who unite very extended knowledge of the actual state of the world to honesty and good abilities look with a most favorable eye upon this country. This, at least, is an opinion which we have formed from very extensive intercourse both with Frenchmen and Germans. When any one is bitterly hostile to England, it will generally be discovered that he is extremely ignorant on some subjects about which it is absolutely necessary to be informed before an opinion on our policy can be worth any thing. M. Thiers would, we are sure, have been more friendly to us, when he was at the helm of affairs, if he had been tolerably familiar with our language. Our Indian Empire has not been acquired as blamelessly, or ruled as well, as some other parts of our dominions; but ask French Orientalists what opinion they have formed of us during the course of their studies! Ask the few French geographers what future they augur for our race! Again, nearly all the sound students of political philosophy are our ardent admirers. We have excellent friends in the ranks of the “Parti Catholique;” for although there are many amongst the disciples of revived Catholicism whose religious views overpower their political sympathies, there is another school which finds in the ordered freedom of England the surest guarantee for religious as well as civil rights, and discusses English politics with a good sense and a breadth of view that is truly cheering. We hope that we are not premature in believing that we see a new party rising in France, the members of which base their opinions upon far wider knowledge and far more extended culture than has hitherto been common in that country—who are familiar with Germany, who consider that England is the bulwark of civilization, and who long for the time when France, shaking off the vile bonds which now cripple her, shall spring forward to place herself at the side of her ancient rival, no longer as an enemy, but as a natural ally. To such persons the Commercial Treaty, however unsatisfactory may have been the means by which it has been brought about, is a great boon, and a beginning of good things to come.

It would be very advantages if persons actually engaged in political life in England endeavored to connect themselves more closely with French politicians. We are not, we think, very far wrong in saying that there are not half a dozen English public men who are, or have lately been, in close communication with non-official circles in Paris, and two of the most important of these are not in Parliament. If this were otherwise, we should have been spared much foolish praise of the emperor, which has both disgraced and damaged us. At most, however, we can for many a year hope for nothing but a better understanding between the educated classes in the two countries, and a union of material interests. For many and many a day the great mass will continue to hate us; and even now a race is growing up which has the historical prejudices of the First Empire, and has not political opinions. Such people will howl with the multitude if war with England is the cry of the hour, or dutifully obey the behests of a master if the Despotism still lasts.

If, then, the dispositions of the French people towards this country are such as we believe them to be, is their ill-will more likely to be translated into actual hostility under the rule of Louis Napoleon than it would be under that of another sovereign? In a subsequent paper, we shall examine how far the idea of the present emperor being the enemy of England is supported by his works; but for the present let us consider, not his feelings but his circumstances. Unless he changes his internal policy, it is absolutely necessary for him to keep the mind of the nation employed. If there is not liberty, there must be glory. And how is glory to be purchased? Distant successes are of little avail. The Chinese expedition, however prosperous, will not interest the ordinary Frenchman. A remarkable ignorance of the remoter parts of the world is one of his characteristics, and the assistance of England excites suspicion. "France," it is often said, "spent untold millions, and sacrificed tens of thousands of soldiers before Sebastopol, to destroy a fleet which might have been her ally;" and something of the same sort will pass from mouth to mouth when the news of the conjoint operations in China begin to come to Europe. Success, to be useful to the French emperor, must be near and dazzling. Unquestionably a triumph over "the Perfidious Albion" would be worth far more than any other. But Louis Napoleon is much too well informed to attempt any thing against this country unless he finds us slumbering. It is, we trust, very unlikely that we shall allow ourselves to fall back into the foolish confidence

of recent years. If he makes up his mind to engage in a long war, the first blow will perhaps fall, not on England, but on Belgium or on Prussia, and the contest will be waged for the "natural boundaries" of France. We have passed through a period of great danger; for if French intrigue could have succeeded last autumn in isolating England, we should ere this have been at war. The Suez Canal or some other trumpery matter would have been the pretext, and a sudden and colossal effort would have been the means. The attitude of Europe, however, was discouraging to the realization of Napoleonic ideas, and the half-formed purpose was abandoned. The alternative course was frankly adopted; and the enemy of yesterday is the "faithful ally" of to-day—an ally to be trusted exactly so long as it is his obvious interest to remain true to his engagements."

The danger seems to many persons to be for the moment past. It will be our own fault if, yielding to the advice of Mr. Bright or any other declaimer who is ignorant of the real feelings of France, we suffer ourselves to be persuaded not to place our coats, once for all, in a state of defence sufficient to defy attack. If we are careless, as we have been, it will make little matter by whom the throne of France is filled. The mere personal feelings of the emperor will not in this matter turn the scale. Granting, even, that he is quite as personally hostile to us as many suppose, any absolute ruler in France must be, from policy, sufficiently hostile for all practical purposes. Our free parliament and our free press will ever be thorns in his side. A constitutional government, in which the good sense of the nation would talk down the firebrands, and under which discussion must precede hostile action, is our only security. A prince of the old line ruling despotically in France would be quite as dangerous to this country, and in some important respects even more dangerous, than the heir of the name and traditions of the exile of St. Helena.

From The Spectator, 18 Feb.

#### M. THOUVENEL IN REPLY TO THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

"I WILL not for the moment stop to notice the reproaches, more or less explicit, which are directed by the encyclical letter against the line of policy followed by the emperor with regard to the Holy See in the difficult circumstances of these latter times. History in its impartiality will one day say whether the responsibility of the events which have occurred falls on the sovereign whose efforts have been constantly employed to prevent them, or on those who, refusing

any concession or any reform, and confining themselves to inexplicable inaction, have allowed things to grow worse and worse, until they threaten to reach a point at which the evil will become so great that it cannot be remedied.

"What in particular has attracted the painful attention of his majesty's government is the forgetfulness of diplomatic usages which, in so important a matter, the court of Rome has displayed, by transporting directly to the field of religion a question which before all things belongs to temporal order. We see, with sentiments of sincere and profound regret, the holy father appealing to the consciences of the clergy, and exciting the ardor of the faithful, with respect to an affair the discussion of which can only take place advantageously between government and government.

"It is not intended, in fact, to make the slightest encroachment on the spiritual power of the sovereign pontiff, nor on the independence required for the exercise of that power within the limits of his rights. The question of the Romagna, now, as at other periods, has arisen from political circumstances; and it is in its political aspect that we should examine it, by seeking the best means of satisfying necessities in the presence of which the pontifical government would not find itself fatally placed, if, instead of imprudently waiting for the development of the situation, it had listened to our counsels and seconded our efforts. No, whatever a party which does not fear to assume the appearance of religious zeal may say,—no, whatever may be done to lead to the belief that the interests of the faith are in peril, the question in discussion between the government of his holiness and that of the emperor is, thank God! a purely temporal one. We may therefore discuss it without failing in the deference and respect which all France feels honored in entertaining for the father of the faithful, and of which his majesty has always been happy to be the first to give the example."

Showing how in early times the temporal and spiritual powers of the pope became blended together, he points out that by the progress of modern society the two domains have been separated, and that this separation is a benefit.

"The Holy See has, therefore, placed itself in disaccord not less with the general spirit of the times than with international rules, by making an appeal to men's consciences in the name of faith for an interest which, when rightly considered, is simply temporal.

"I add that this attempt is far from being

supported by the authority and the precedents of history. In fact, this is not the first time that, at periods not far distant from our own, the situation of the Romagna and the possession of that district have been the subject of political discussion. In 1797, the pope, in consequence of events of which he was obliged, as sovereign, to accept the responsibility, ceded by the treaty of Tolentino, that province to France, and at the same time abandoned the ancient rights of the Holy See to the territory of Avignon; and, great as was the regret he felt at a diminution of his domains, Pius VI., no doubt believed that he might subscribe to that convention without failing in his duties as sovereign pontiff and as guardian of the faith. The two contracting parties were not the only ones who saw in this transaction only a temporal act, in nowise encroaching on religion. The preliminaries signed at Leoben two months later between France and Austria, prove that the court of Vienna did not think differently from France on the subject. After having maintained during the war close relations with the court of Rome, Austria, nevertheless, supported an arrangement which awarded to her part of the states of Venetia, and indemnified the latter by transferring to them the possession of the three legations of Romagna, Ferrara, and Bologna. The treaties of Campo Formio and Luneville confirmed, in another form, the separation of those provinces; and, in the different arrangements which were then entered into, it is never seen that the governments which took part in them had to pay any attention to the prerogatives of the Holy See, as regards its spiritual power and religious interests.

"If we were to examine contemporary history on other points, who would not remember that at the beginning of this century ecclesiastical territories, such as the bishopric of Salzburg, the provostship of Berchtelsgrad, and the bishoprics of Trent, Brixen, and Eichstadt, served on the demand of Austria to indemnify its archdukes dispossessed in Italy? With regard to these territories, as for the legations and for the electorate of Mentz, no solidarity was recognized between the temporal rights of the possessor and the interests of religion; the ecclesiastical character of the sovereigns was not an obstacle to the combinations which circumstances had rendered necessary. The participation of the court of Vienna in these different transactions certainly does not permit regarding them as an application of new principles for the use of France. Nothing can be a better proof of this than what occurred some years later. Pope Pius VII. was returning to Rome, and resuming the



exercise of his temporal power, when, by a secret treaty signed at Naples on the 11th of January, 1814, the Emperor Francis, with a view to attaching King Joachim to the cause of the European coalition, engaged 'in order to procure him a strong military frontier in accord with the political necessities of the two powers, to assure to him an addition to the extent of four hundred thousand souls, to be taken from the Roman States, and to lend his good offices to obtain the consent and sanction of the holy father to that concession.'

"Thus, therefore, the principle of partitioning the legations, and even the marches, between the kingdom of Naples and Austria was plainly laid down, and its application appeared so independent of every other circumstance, that in the following year we see the king of the Two Sicilies, when restored to the Neapolitan throne, endeavoring to maintain for his own advantage the clause which we have just cited. Austria, on her side, was more successful in her pretensions, as she retained, at the expense of the Holy See, part of the legation of Ferrara, on the left bank of the Po, a territory which had never belonged to the state of Venice. The pope protested in vain against that arrangement, as he protested against the non-restitution of the county of Avignon and of the territory of Parma to the Holy See. His demands, which he based both on ancient rights and on reasons of utility to the Church, were not admitted by the powers, and we shall not be contradicted by the documents relating to the negotiations of 1815 if we add that the Romagna had then a very narrow escape from remaining separated from the Pontifical States. More than one combination conceived in that sense was brought forward at the congress of Vienna; and it is well known that Prussia, for instance, proposed to dispose of the legations in favor of the king of Saxony, who would have received them as a compensation. It was not without difficulty that the pope succeeded in retaining them, and in making the right he invoked prevail over the opinion, so worthy of remark, adopted by the plenipotentiaries, that the legations were at the disposal of the allies by right of conquest. In any case, the discussion as to the Roman States was constantly maintained, even by the Catholic powers, in an order of considerations exclusively temporal.

"Such is the sole argument I wish to draw from the examples I have cited, and which prove to what extent the doctrine advanced in the last encyclical letter, if it be at present in conformity with the ideas of the court of Rome, is in contradiction to the most positive data of politics."

From The Saturday Review, 25 Feb.

#### VICTOR EMMANUEL AT MILAN.

FEW spectacles of modern times have been so striking and so significant as the recent reception of Victor Emmanuel at Milan. There was every thing that makes up a great sight on a great occasion. There were crowds lining the roads in dense masses, all cheering with a common enthusiasm, and all animated with a common spirit of pride, triumph, and joy. There was an assemblage of foreigners and Italians so great that even the large city of Milan could not contain it—soldiers and people united as brethren to celebrate the coming of the gallant chief of Italy, and every house, balcony, corner, and roof, alive with eager lookers-on. Whatever may be the reverses and disappointments he is destined to undergo, Victor Emmanuel has at least lived to see one day of great and genuine triumph. He holds a much more eminent position now than when last year he entered Milan after the victory of Magenta. Then, he was but the shadow of the emperor of the French—now he has all but effected the unity of Northern Italy in spite of Louis Napoleon. He then came to a people who were half wild with the unreflecting passion of a new liberty—he is now welcomed by subjects who have clung to him with trust and affection through months of gloom, uncertainty, and fear. He has proved the hearts and courage of those who wish to be gathered together under his sway, and has found that they are equal to the severest trials of doubtful fortune. Mere material prosperity, too, however transient, is still very satisfactory while it lasts. The friends of Italian freedom may reflect with legitimate exultation that, while the Italian capitals of his enemies are in poverty, despair, and wretchedness, wealth and plenty spring up wherever Victor Emmanuel comes. Venice is one vast house of mourning, its palaces are deserted, its amusements and festivities utterly at an end. Even the carnival brings no troop of strangers to fill the purse and cheer the heart of panic-stricken Rome. Naples is cowering under the lash of a police directed by a clique of bigots. But at Milan there is peace and security, order and abundance. Foreigners go where all that is free and noble in Italy goes, to offer homage to the man whom the master of Venice pronounces a low intriguer, and whom the master of Rome threatens to excommunicate.

But even in the midst of garlands and flags and cheering crowds, there is enough to make Victor Emmanuel anxious. He has only won the first post in a great fight, and the contest is not less serious because the victors deck themselves with wreaths. Still, there is a very fair chance that the impor-

tant state of which Milan will be the chief city, if not the nominal capital, will come into existence within the next few weeks, and be allowed time to consolidate itself. The different states of Central Italy are as determined to stifle local jealousy, and to join in the formation of one considerable state, as they were during the first outpourings of indignation at the Treaty of Villafranca. Austria has renewed her positive assurance that she will not interfere by force to prevent the annexation which she reserves the right of regarding with horror, and which she promises herself to revenge if circumstances permit. The Savoy difficulty is a difficulty not between France and Piedmont, but between France and the other great powers. There is no reason why the kingdom of North Italy should not have a fair start. It is true that this kingdom will not be all that Victor Emmanuel dreamed of, and that its frontiers will be as defenceless as those of Prussia. But they cannot be more defenceless, and the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel will have many very considerable advantages over that of the House of Brandenburg. It will be continuous, and it will command an outlet in two seas. The northern Italians are quite equal to the Prussians in enterprise and ability, and far superior to them in political spirit; and their rulers are entirely free from the pettiness of aim and method which its relations with the small courts of Germany so often impose on the Cabinet of Berlin. There is a great task before Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour within the kingdom which they are about to administer, but it is one that they need not despair of accomplishing. They have to make free government a practical reality in a country composed of heterogeneous materials, and with most of its component parts long accustomed to despotism. They have to carry on a liberal administration in face of the opposition of a great portion of the priests and of all the upper hierarchy. They have also to make the country rich. They have to exhibit, for the first time since the old Roman empire fell, the real resources of the garden of Europe. They have to construct communications of all kinds, to make roads and railways, and bring the provinces of the kingdom together. Fortunately, as they accomplish the one part of the task, they will accomplish the other. The spirit which is excited by political activity is sure to show itself also in the peaceful channels of commercial enterprise. Thoughts of peace and war will equally tend to cover the face of North Italy with a network of railways. And as the Italians grow rich, and find their riches dependent on their unity, they will learn to have tolerance for each other. They

will bring the spirit of compromise to meet the difficulties that must necessarily arise after the first flush of excited feeling is over, and when a common assembly unites for the first time Italians who have been divided by centuries of rivalry, by differences of government, and by all the barriers that the petty ingenuity of their rulers was able to devise.

It is stated that the people of Milan are looking forward eagerly to a renewal of the war, and that part of the joy with which Victor Emmanuel is received in that city owes its origin to the expectation that in the spring he will lead his troops to the rescue of Venetia. Those who have the real conduct of affairs must, however, look on such an undertaking with very different eyes from those with which their enthusiastic supporters regard it. If Austria is free from internal disturbance, the Piedmontese can never hope to reduce the Quadrilateral. That an outbreak will occur which will threaten Austria with the loss of her real resources of war is possible, but by no means certain. Rumor says, and probably with much truth, that the emperor of Austria was brought to terms at Villafranca by the threat that France would place on the throne of Hungary a prince who happens to be connected with the imperial families both of France and Russia. The threat was exceedingly formidable; for, with the support of France, and the passive connivance of Russia, an insurrection in Hungary would have had every chance of being successful. But although Hungary is ten times more eager to revolt now than she was then, although every province of Austria is dissatisfied, although martial law has to be proclaimed among the once faithful Tyrolese, and the new stadtholder of Venice is afraid of allowing even so much as a masked ball, there is no certainty that there will be a revolution in the Austrian provinces, and still less that an insurrection would be successful. The population of Hungary and of Venice is entirely unarmed. They have literally no weapons whatever that they can lay their hands on, and therefore they have no chance against the regular troops, and no ground of hope unless a large portion of the army not only refuses to act in obedience to the emperor, but is ready to fight against him. It is not very likely that France will renew the war; and although Prussia would probably take a longer time to deliberate on her course of action than would be comprised in the whole period of a decisive campaign, yet she is believed to regard the Quadrilateral as so essential a part of the defences of Germany that she would be as ready to make the war general, if the French passed the Mincio, as any thing except the actual inva-

sion of her Rhenish provinces could make her. Neither Germany nor France desires at this moment a general war; and therefore the Piedmontese have no other hope of attacking Austria in Venetia successfully, except that which is derived from the extremely uncertain calculation that half the Austrian army would desert to the enemy. What Victor Emmanuel really wants is unopposed annexation, followed by peace and quiet times. The hour for making Venetia Italian has not come. Perhaps the true interest both of Europe and of Italy may lie in that hour being long deferred. But even without Venetia, Victor Emmanuel has enough to occupy him, and to fill him with pride and hope. As to a war with Naples, we can scarcely call that a danger to the king of Piedmont. The Neapolitans are to the Piedmontese very much what the Mexicans are to the Americans, and Victor Emmanuel might look for a very easy victory over the troops of Southern Italy. But here, again, his true policy is to avoid fighting by every means in his power. Europe does not wish to see freedom in Italy inaugurated by a war between two Italian powers; and if the reigning family of Naples were driven into the ignominious exile they richly deserve, the king of Sardinia would be greatly troubled to know what to do with a throne which he would scarcely be permitted to occupy himself, and which he would be very unwilling to resign to any one else.

From The Examiner.

#### SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR.

The following is a translation of the speech delivered by his majesty the emperor on the opening of the chambers this day on 1st March.

Messieurs les Senateurs,  
Messieurs les Deputes,

At the opening of the last session, confiding in the patriotism of France, I wished to relieve your minds from exaggerated fears of a probable war. To-day it is my most ardent desire to re-assure you against the inquietudes and anxieties which even peace has given birth to. I sincerely desire this peace, and I will not neglect any thing to maintain it. I cannot but congratulate myself upon my friendly relations with all the powers of Europe. The only portion of the globe in which our arms are still engaged is in the remote east, but the courage of our soldiers and sailors, aided by the loyal concurrence of Spain, will doubtless speedily bring about the restoration of peace with Cochin China. Respecting China, an important expedition will, in conjunction with the forces of Great Britain, chastise that country for her perfidy.

The complications in Europe are, I hope, approaching to an end, and Italy is upon the eve of regulating freely her own affairs. Without recapitulating the long negotiations which have lingered for so many months, I shall confine myself to the principal point. The dominant idea of the treaty of Villafranca was to obtain the almost complete independence of Venetia at the price of the restoration of the archdukes. These negotiations having failed, in spite of my most earnest solicitations. I have expressed my regret on this account at Vienna as well as at Turin, because the state of things, if prolonged, threatened to remain without any issue. While this state of things was the subject of loyal explanations between my government and that of Austria, it caused steps on the part of England, Prussia, and Russia, which taken together, clearly evince the desire of the great powers to arrive at a conciliatory adjustment of all interests. In order to second these dispositions it was important for France to present such a combination as would have the greatest chance of being accepted by Europe.

In guaranteeing Italy by my army against foreign intervention I had the right to point out the limits of this guarantee. I have not therefore hesitated to declare to the king of Sardinia that, although leaving to him an entire liberty of action, I could not follow him in a policy which, in the eyes of Europe, appeared to intend the absorption of the states of Italy, and which threatened new complications. I have counselled him to reply favorably to the wishes of the provinces which offer themselves to him, but to maintain the autonomy of Tuscany, and to respect in principle the rights of the Holy See. If this arrangement does not satisfy everybody, it has the advantage of reserving principles, of calming apprehension, and it elevates Piedmont to a kingdom of more than nine millions of souls.

Having in view this transformation of Northern Italy, which gives to a powerful state all the passes of the Alps, it was my duty, for the safety of our frontiers, to claim the French side of the mountains. In this reclamation of a territory of small extent there is nothing to alarm Europe, or to belie the disinterested policy which I have more than once proclaimed; France, however, will not acquire this aggrandizement small as it is, either by military occupation, or by exciting an insurrection, or by secret intrigues, but in frankly stating the question to the great powers. Their equity will doubtless induce them to recognize, as France would certainly do with regard to them in the like circumstances, that the important territorial change which is about to take place gives us

the right to a guarantee indicated by Nature herself,

I cannot pass over in silence the emotion of a portion of the Catholic world which has suddenly yielded to such unreflecting impressions, and has thrown itself into such passionate alarms. The past, which should have been a guarantee for the future, has been in such a manner misunderstood, and the services rendered in such a manner forgotten, that a very profound conviction, on absolute confidence in the public reason, has been necessary in order to preserve in the midst of agitations which have been excited, the calm which alone maintains us in the truth. Facts, however, have clearly spoken for themselves during the eleven years that I have maintained alone in Rome the power of the holy father, without for a moment ceasing to revere in his person the holy character of the chief of our religion. On the other side, the populations of the Romagna, suddenly abandoned to themselves, yield to a natural attraction, and during the war endeavored to make common cause with us. Ought I to forget them in peace, and abandon them afresh for an unlimited time to the risks of foreign occupation? My first efforts were to reconcile them to their sovereignty, but not succeeding, I endeavored at least to maintain in the revolted provinces the principle of the temporal power of the pope. From the preceding you see, although it is not yet terminated, how we may be allowed at least to hope for a speedy solution. The moment, therefore, seems to have arrived to put an end to the deliberations which too long pre-occupy the public mind, and to find the means of boldly inaugurating in France a new era of peace.

The army has already been reduced by one hundred and fifty thousand men, and this reduction would have been more considerable were it not for the war with China, the occupation of Rome and of Lombardy. My government will immediately submit to you a summary of measures which propose to facilitate production, to augment, by cheap living, the well-being of the working classes, and to multiply our commercial relations. The first step to be taken in this course was to fix an epoch for the suppression of those impassable barriers which, under the name of prohibitions, excluded from our markets foreign products, thus compelling other nations to adopt a reciprocity to be regretted on our account. But something more difficult still retained us—it was the slight inclination existing for a treaty of commerce with England. I have, therefore, taken upon

myself the responsibility of this great measure. A very simple reflection shows the advantage of this treaty to both countries. Neither of them will certainly fail at the end of some years to take each in its own interests the initiative in the proposed measures; but then the reduction in the tariff not being simultaneous, it would take place on both sides without immediate compensation. The treaty has then only advanced the period of salutary modifications, and given to indispensable reforms the character of reciprocal concessions destined to fortify the alliance of two great nations. In order that this treaty may produce its best effects, I demand your most energetic concurrence for the adoption of the laws which will facilitate the putting it into practice. I call your attention above all to the means of communication, which by their development can alone permit us to compete with foreign industry; but as the moments of transition are always painful, and as it is our duty to put an end to a state of uncertainty so injurious to our interests, I call on your patriotism for the prompt examination of the laws which will be submitted to you for enfranchising primary materials from all duties, and reducing those which weigh on provisions largely consumed.

The resources of the treasury will find themselves sensibly diminished; nevertheless, the receipts and expenditure of the year 1861 will be balanced without the necessity of an appeal to credit, or having recourse to new taxes. In tracing to you a true picture of our political and commercial situations, I desire to inspire you with full confidence in the future, and so to associate you in the accomplishment of a work fruitful in grand results.

The protection of Providence, so visibly extended to us during the war, will not fail us in a pacific enterprise which aims at the amelioration of the condition of the greater number. Let us then continue our march of progress without allowing ourselves to be arrested by the murmurs of egotism or by party clamors and unjust suspicions.

France menaces no one; she desires to develop in peace, in the plenitude of her independence, the immense resources which Heaven has given to her; and she cannot awake gloomy susceptibilities, since from the state of civilization in which we are springs from day to day more forcibly that truth which consoles and re-assures humanity, that the more a country is rich and prosperous the more it contributes to the wealth and prosperity of other countries.

From The Economist, 3 March.  
THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE emperor's speech promises peace. But if he be serious in the intention he indicates at once to veto the annexation of Tuscany to Sardinia, and yet to claim the province of Savoy for France as a guarantee against the formidable kingdom of 9,000,000 souls about to be founded on the Italian side of the Alps,—his speech does not portend peace. Were even Venetia, Lombardy, the Romagna, the duchies, and Sardinia all united in one powerful kingdom, it would be something of an affectation in a French ruler to profess that his dominions were in any risk. Even then, France would number a population three times as great, and resources for defending her territory greater in a far higher proportion. But, as the matter now stands, for the emperor of France to pretend that he needs the possession of the southern slopes of the Alps in order to secure himself against the possible hostility of Sardinia, is simply the falsest of ambitious pretences.

What will be the position of Sardinia if the emperor's scheme for Italy be carried out? Her Lombard province will be entirely at the mercy of Austria, who commands all the keys to it;—she will be menaced on the south by Naples,—a kingdom larger than her own, and master of a larger army, as well as by the remaining power of the pope;—and she will be but imperfectly able to count on the aid of Tuscany, which is to be an independent state under another dynasty. To speak of a kingdom of recent formation, numbering at most a population of 9,000,000, and beset by enemies so powerful, as a formidable neighbor to France, is simply monstrous. Indeed, the possession of Savoy in addition would give to France the power of overruling the Sardinian policy as completely as if a prince of French blood had been set by the aid of French arms upon the Sardinian throne. To ask for Savoy, while Venetia remains in the power of a powerful enemy, and Tuscany is paralyzed by its isolation, is to ask for *far more* than an equivalent, in military force, for the Sardinian gain in Lombardy and the duchies. Were the whole north of Italy, indeed, united under a single sceptre, we might acquiesce in the transfer of Savoy to France, as the *sine qua non* of a great gain for Italy. But weak, overawed, and disunited as Italy must now be, for France to propose such a step as a needful guarantee for her own safety, is a very ominous mockery of Europe; and we are much mistaken if either Europe or England will consent to such a step.

It is possible, indeed, that the "advice" sent by the emperor to Victor Emmanuel to decline the offer of Tuscany is meant only to

induce speedy compliance as regards Savoy,—and would be either withdrawn, or, at least, not practically enforced, in case the surrender of Savoy were cheerfully made. But we have always feared, and often stated our fear, that the emperor is scheming for an overwhelming influence in Italy,—and it is obvious that a complete union between Tuscany and Sardinia would tend to defeat these plans. But, be this as it may, England must at least refuse her consent,—nay, more, must unite with other powers in actively opposing this new move of France, to which we can scarcely give any other term than that of treacherous. We knew well that she was grasping at Savoy; but hitherto she has only affected to demand it as the price of the complete union between Piedmont and Central Italy. Now that she proposes it, and yet refuses her assent to the union between Tuscany and Sardinia, Piedmont ought to be supported by the great powers in refusing to assent to so one-sided a bargain. The emperor tells us that "this re-assertion of a claim to a territory of small extent has nothing in it of a nature to alarm Europe, and give a denial to the policy of disinterestedness which I have proclaimed more than once,—for France does not wish to proceed to this aggrandizement, however small it may be, either by military occupation or provoked insurrection, or by underhand manœuvres, but by frankly explaining the question to the great powers. They will doubtless understand in their equity, as France would certainly understand it for each of them, that the important territorial re-arrangement which is about to take place gives us a right to a guarantee indicated by Nature herself." We think it extremely unlikely, and extremely undesirable, that the great powers will understand any thing of the kind. Frank as no doubt the explanation is, they will probably reply as frankly that by the treaty of Vienna they were pledged not to permit the encroachments of France on the side of Savoy;—that the condition of Italy might no doubt be such as to render adherence to this pledge comparatively unimportant,—but that no state of Italy could be imagined which would render adherence to it of much higher importance than the present. Sardinia is in some respects even weaker from the recent contest. She has, at all events, turned Austria into a watchful and suspicious foe,—and it is of the very first importance that no occasion for a new contest between France and Austria on the plains of Italy should be given.

And, beyond this, it is of the greatest importance to all Europe to resist any thing that looks like the old passion for aggrandizement in France. There is no plea, now,



for the annexation of Savoy which might not be made with far more real force for a "natural frontier" in other directions. If France is afraid of 9,000,000 of united Italians, what would she feel towards 36,000,000 of united Germans, or even the 16,000,000 of united Prussians? The territorial reconstruction is a mere excuse, and—when urged in the same speech with the rebuke to the king of Sardinia—a most unblushing excuse. "I did not hesitate to declare to the king of Sardinia," says the emperor, "that while leaving him full liberty of action, I could not follow him in a policy which had the fault of appearing in the eyes of Europe (*qui avait le tort de paraître aux yeux de l'Europe*) a desire to absorb all the states of Italy, and which threatened new conflagrations." What great power, let us ask, in passing,—Austria apart,—had urged this fault in the policy of the king of Sardinia? Is it not universally known that it is the wish of Tuscany, and not the ambition of Piedmont, which has forced the policy of annexation on Victor Emmanuel? On the other hand, which of the great powers will not object to the annexation of Savoy on the part of France that "it has the fault of appearing in the eyes of Europe a desire to absorb" the passes which command Italy? If Europe is thus jealous of any addition to the dominions of one of her smallest and least powerful states, what will she say to the transfer of a country so important as Savoy to the most important of all continental kingdoms at the most critical of all moments? We have no hesitation in saying that Europe ought to disallow such a proceeding altogether. Even as the price of Italian unity, it would be objectionable enough; but without that gain, and without that safeguard,—for it would be a safeguard,—against an encroaching Italian policy on the part of France,—it is absolutely perilous. England, anxious as she is to preserve a pacific understanding with France will never assent to an arrangement which will but whet French ambition, while it will cruelly defeat Italian hope.

From The Press, 3 March.

#### THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA IN ITALY.

THE Italian question has exhibited the Napoleonic policy in a phase very puzzling to the general public. The shifting phases of the game have distracted attention from the central idea which has animated it. During the last four months especially, the policy of the French emperor has undergone so many superficial modifications that those who do not look below the surface have been at a loss to understand it. And within the last fortnight the leading journal, followed

as usual by the lesser luminaries of the press, has announced its opinion, as a great discovery, that Napoleon is not a man of fixed ideas after all, but as purposeless and wavering in his objects as well may be. This is a great mistake. Napoleon III. accommodates his tactics to the requirements of the hour, but these tactics are directed with most resolute purpose to the attainment of a fixed idea.

What the Napoleonic idea in the Italian question is, was early discerned, both in this country and on the continent, by those who had studied his character. Under all the professions with which he cloaked his designs a year ago, Lord Malmesbury and his colleagues in the cabinet saw plainly that Napoleon III. desired to pick a quarrel with Austria, and that his main object in doing so was, by means of a military intervention, to extend French influence over the Italian peninsula. *Ote-toi que je m'y mette* was the object he had in view in attacking Austria in her Italian possessions. And the matrimonial alliance *de convenance* contracted by his cousin with the Sardinian princess, indicated one of the means by which he desired to establish his influence in the peninsula. Nor did the secret agreement, now styled the *pacte de famille*, signed at the time of that marriage, escape the notice of our late foreign secretary—who was not so credulous as to the disinterestedness of the French emperor as his successors in the cabinet have been.

Napoleon changes his tactics, but does not abandon his game. At the outset he had two objects in view: one of these was the annexation of the cis-Alpine provinces of Sardinia, to be obtained in return for the conquest of Lombardy; the other was the creation of a kingdom of Etruria for his cousin out of the wreck which the war was sure to make amongst the Austrian-ruled provinces of Central Italy. But the Tuscans showed no relish for a Bonapartist dynasty, and along with Parma and Modena began to take steps for effecting a union with Sardinia. This did not please Napoleon, who had no desire that the Sardinian monarchy should become so powerful as to be able to act independently of France. Accordingly, without consulting his ally, he cut short the war by the peace of Villafranca, in which it was stipulated that Tuscany and Modena should revert to their old rulers. Cavour resigned, or was forced to resign, in disgust; and in return for the annexation of Lombardy to Sardinia, Napoleon looked forward to the acquisition of Savoy,—which by opening the western gates of the Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom to France while Austria was

in a similar position on its eastern frontier, would render Northern Italy completely dependent upon France.

The march of events, however, was not quite in accordance with the imperial anticipations. The Italians displayed a boldness conjoined with prudence which no one expected. The Central States persisted in their resolve to unite themselves, with Lombardy and Sardinia under King Victor Emmanuel; and the king on his part resolutely encouraged the project. Napoleon had made Italian independence his excuse for rupturing the treaties and peace of Europe, and he had difficulty in meeting the plea when urged against himself. At Zurich, therefore, the long-protracted negotiations were terminated by the adoption of a clause by which the question of Central Italy was "reserved." But none the less did the French emperor strive to obstruct the formation of a powerful kingdom of Northern Italy. Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, by a formal vote, decreed their union with Sardinia; but a fiat from the Tuileries forbade King Victor from accepting the annexation. As the next best course for attaining their object, the Central States elected a Sardinian viceroy in the person of the Prince de Carignan; and again a peremptory order from the Tuileries forced King Victor to forbid his relative to accept the high office. Next Garibaldi, the sword of Italy, was commissioned by the king to consolidate the military strength of the Central States; but once more an order from the French Autocrat caused the recall of Garibaldi and a fresh hinderance to the cause of Italian unity and independence. Fifty thousand French troops were still in Lombardy, and the power of the emperor seemed too strong to admit of the Sardinian government adopting an independent course of action.

The most ardent friends of Italian liberty began to despair. But the Italians themselves, with exemplary fortitude, adhered to their purpose; and every week's delay strengthened their position. At this critical time the Napoleonic policy entered a stage of transition, producing a momentary suspension of its action in Italian affairs. The emperor commenced negotiations with the British government to procure its assent to his contemplated annexation of Savoy and Nice; and at the same time the Russian and Prussian governments alarmed at this manifestation of French ambition, began to show a marked distrust of the Napoleonic policy. Without the assent of the British government, the emperor felt he could not accomplish his idea of aggrandizing France by an annexation which set at defiance the most solemnly

contracted of all the European treaties; and, in order to procure that assent, he proposed to adopt the views of England in the Italian question if the British government would unite with him in an offensive and defensive alliance against the other powers of Europe. This proposal, as we announced a month ago, produced a split in the British cabinet; and although the emperor's proposal was supported by Lords Palmerston and Russell, and also by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Milner Gibson, it was negatived by a majority of nearly three to one.

So matters stood at the commencement of the session. Since then, the feeling in this country against any such war-alliance with France has been so unequivocally manifested that Napoleon has been convinced of its impracticability. And the increasing *rapprochement* between Russia and Austria has at the same time shaken his fabric of alliances on the continent. Accordingly, he once more modifies his tactics. In order to propitiate Austria, and prevent that power completing its proposed alliance with Russia, Napoleon falls back upon the conditions of the treaty of Zurich, and once more proclaims that Tuscany shall not be united to Sardinia, and that the question of its sovereignty is still "reserved." By so doing, he aims at attaining one of the two great objects of his policy; namely, the prevention of Sardinia becoming a strong and independent power. At the same time, he adheres with equal persistency to the other; namely, the cession of Savoy, which would place in his hands the passes of the Alps, so as to give full scope for exerting the military power of France over Northern Italy.

The British cabinet, or at least, its leading members, are now made to feel the consequences of their former dallying with the imperial proposals. In the hope of getting Napoleon to adopt their policy in Italy they engaged not to oppose his design of annexing Savoy; and, although now completely disregarding their views in the Italian question, the French emperor avails himself of the countenance which they vouchsafed to his project for extending the boundaries of France. Thus, from first to last, he has never lost sight of the two prime objects which led him to undertake the Italian war. His tactics have shifted from month to month, but only in order that he might be enabled to realize his fixed ideas. We should like to know with what feelings his dupes in the British cabinet now look back upon the conspicuous favor with which they have supported the French emperor during the momentous events of the past year.

From The Saturday Review, 3 March.  
THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE speech that all the world has been looking for has been spoken. We now know all that Louis Napoleon has to tell us of the future of Italy, the arrangement of Europe, and the hopes of peace. The Italians have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not to do what they like with their own. The king of Sardinia knows that he is to give up the home of his forefathers without the equivalent for which he bargained. Prussia knows that France has returned to the cheering principle of "claiming her natural boundaries." The pope knows that the basis of his sovereignty is respected when a neighbor, whom he regards as the modern anti-Christ, assumes the permanent administration of his most flourishing provinces. England, too, learns something. A few weeks ago, the queen expressed a hope that she would succeed in preventing the Italians having any government forced on them against their will. Her majesty now knows that she has been much too sanguine. Three days ago, Lord John Russell thought the sagacity and moderation of the emperor an ample guarantee against the annexation of Savoy. Lord John Russell knows better today. This is the one solitary good result which the speech is likely to produce—we shall get rid henceforth of English ministers assuring parliament that they have implicit confidence in the sincerity of our sagacious and loyal ally. We have now at least the comfort enjoyed by a master who finds that a servant, highly recommended, but long suspected, has at last gone off with the plate. He need not fear being bored any more by assurances that the young man is a Bible Christian.

Europe, we are told, need not see in the annexation of Savoy any departure from the emperor's policy of disinterestedness. We wish we could have been told what the emperor's policy would have been if it had been interested. The proposed arrangement is exactly calculated to give France every thing that could gratify her meddling ambition. It was impossible that she could gain from an Italian war any greater actual accession of territory than those possessions of the kings of Sardinia which are now discovered to be the French slopes of the Alps. The greatest indirect advantages she could hope to obtain were the humiliation of Austria, the reduction of the pope to a position of mere abject dependence, and the establishment of an Italian kingdom with a frontier requiring continual protection against Austria, and too weak to be able to protect itself. These are the precise advantages which would have been coveted by interested vice,

and they are now heaped upon disinterested virtue. The great powers are to understand, "in their equity," that France must have Savoy. The pope loses the Romagna, but loses it in such a way that perhaps the timid Catholic world may not feel pricked by its wavering conscience into making the loss a cause of open quarrel. Austria, after suffering the most serious humiliation in arms, is obliged, by the proximity of the new Sardinian frontier, to govern Venice after a fashion which will at any moment afford a pretext to the saviour of Italy for coming once more with healing on his wings. Piedmont will have a straggling territory, with a population too large for her to escape giving offence, and too small to make her safe from attack. On one flank, she will have the Quadrilateral held by her bitterest enemies; on the other, the fortified positions that will soon crown the French slopes of the mountains; and in her rear will lie a petty kingdom agitated by constant French intrigues, and beyond that the army of occupation which testifies how sedulously the emperor guards the "sacred chief of his religion." And all this is got by being disinterested.

What will Italy say to it, and what will Europe? If Count Cavour has given the answer which he is reported to have given, and has said that the king of Sardinia will offer personally no obstacle, but must be guided by the wishes of the different peoples concerned, he has returned the right reply. It must be observed that disinterested policy has not, up to the present moment, been entirely successful, and it may possibly receive another check. The emperor has several failures to record in his speech. He tried to get the dukes restored, but he failed. He tried to make the Romagnese see the great expediency of bowing to the pope, but he failed. The Italians have known what they wanted and have stuck to it. All those who have any acquaintance with the wishes of the Savoyards agree that that harmless race has no wish to pass under the sway of French prefects, and to share with Spain the glory of fighting in Cochinchina. If the Italians refuse to be broken up into little weak states at the mercy of France—if the Savoyards refuse to allow that the mountains they have held for centuries were really intended by Heaven to be French slopes—it will be very difficult for France to insist on Tuscany undergoing that subjection to French interference which is called its autonomy; and the great powers will find it harder than ever to understand, "in their equity," that the Savoyards are to be driven into the fold of France. The game that lies before Count Cavour and his master is a bold one, but it is the only one they can safely play. They

must declare that Piedmont is as utterly disinterested as France, but that what Italy wishes and Savoy wishes is the only thing that can practically be done.

Prussia is so much more concerned in the annexation of Savoy than any other power, that every one will look to see how she takes this challenge to her courage. The emperor talks loudly of his wish for peace, of the reduction of his army, and of the good time that is coming. For the moment this peaceful language may be true. If he can but annex Savoy, if he can get the principle acquiesced in that France is to claim her natural boundaries, he may be very glad to have obtained so much with so very little trouble. But Prussia will henceforth know that an experiment has been made on her patience, and that it has been made successfully. She will have acquiesced in the beginning of the great process of working out the designs of Providence, and bringing the frontiers of France into harmony with nature. She must be conscious that she is the great disturber of the territorial scheme favored by Heaven, and that she has the impiety to occupy a large portion of the French bank of the Rhine. She will soon have to defend her iniquity, or else abandon her Rhenish provinces. She can, if she pleases, oppose the annexation of Savoy, and call on all the parties to the treaty of Vienna to aid her. If she does not venture to do that, she must at once prepare for the future, and organize the best resistance she can devise to meet the crisis when disinterested policy shall turn its longing eyes towards her possessions. Fortunately, the course of England is perfectly clear. Her duty is to record an unequivocal and decided protest that she cannot comprehend, "in her equity," the right of France to seize on Savoy. If she is called on by the other parties to the great settlement of Europe for active assistance, she must approach the question unfettered by any pledge of passive acquiescence given to France. We must hold ourselves perfectly open to act as our honor, our duty, and our interest command us. It is needless to say that we can have nothing to do with settling up a puppet king in Tuscany. If the Tuscans wish for autonomy we may rest quite content, but we cannot be parties, even in the most remote degree, to any plan of coercing them into independence.

From The Saturday Review, 3 March.

#### ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

A SHORT time will show whether the unanimous opinion of the English parliament will, notwithstanding the emperor's language, exercise any influence over the conduct of

France. Mr. Kinglake's version of the original Savoy intrigue is undoubtedly correct in the main; and among many nobler sacrifices to the cause of Italy, Victor Emmanuel must be admitted to have bribed a greedy and selfish confederate by the offer of the most ancient possession of his house. It was after the prospective barter of an Austrian territory for a Sardinian province that the Emperor Napoleon affected to discover a cause of quarrel with the power which he had already pledged himself to despoil. The disreputable bargain was present to his memory when he assured Italy and Europe that he had gone to war without a thought of any aggrandizement of the empire. He was on the eve of enforcing a contract which intervening events had vitiated, when he boasted that France alone among nations was capable of going to war for an idea. The publication of his predatory intentions was reserved for the inevitable crisis, in which an appeal to the national cupidity and vanity might serve to overpower the discontent of the disappointed votaries of Rome. The fixed purpose of spoliation has not been incompatible with abundant variety in the methods which have been successively adopted by the imperial plunderer. The wretched press of Paris was at one time instructed to rely on the divine right of universal suffrage, accompanied by the bold assertion that the people of Nice and Savoy were unanimously aspiring to the honor of incorporation into France. The simultaneous demand, that the Sardinian government should interfere to protect the free will of the population, was singularly characteristic of the happy country in which the representatives of the people are nominated by the home office. It was not until the Savoyards had publicly protested against the official misrepresentation of their wishes, that the confident appeal to popular suffrage was withdrawn, to make room for political reasons founded on the geographical configuration of the coveted territory. It became necessary for France to take precautions against the possible hostility of regenerated Italy. The prejudices of a few unenlightened mountaineers must give way to diplomatic necessities arising from the balance of power. For twenty years, in the whole course of history, Savoy had been included within the limits of France, and the misfortune of 1815 could only be redeemed by extending the empire—for the present, in only one direction—to its natural frontier. It was scarcely worth while to devise so many ingenious reasons for the fulfilment of a secret family compact.

The Emperor Napoleon ought to have foreseen that on this question, if on no other,



the opinion of Europe would be unanimous and decisive. There will be little difficulty, and perhaps no immediate danger, in quartering a few French regiments in Savoy, or even in Nice, but the government which may have perpetrated the crime will find itself an outlaw from the councils and sympathies of European independent powers. Although Mr. Kinglake's interpretation of the treaty of Vienna was perfectly sound, still, it may be that neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia will require the co-operation of England in an armed resistance to the annexation: but the universal distrust which has, from the commencement of the second empire, been indicated by the constant increase of armaments, will derive fresh justification from the renewal of the old piratical doctrines of Bonapartism. French projectors, with or without official inspiration, are beginning to babble about the Rhine, and King Leopold may, at any moment, be reproved for discountenancing the alleged eagerness of his subjects for annexation. The great continental monarchies have abundant reason to regard the extension of the French dominions with suspicion. In England, a deeper and less selfish feeling of indignation is excited when free Savoyards or Belgians are given over to the stupid repression of French bureaucratic despotism. If the emperor succeeds in his project, and the annexation is effected, every inhabitant of the provinces who has been distinguished by honesty or courage will at once become an object of suspicion to the imperial police.

Mr. Kinglake and Sir Robert Peel proved to demonstration that the proposed transfer of territory involves a violation of the public law of Europe. They were justified in abstaining from criticism on the title which the Emperor Napoleon may found on the Princess Clotilde's marriage settlement, or on any document of even date. The king of Sardinia has no more right to surrender Savoy or Nice than the queen has to give away the Isle of Wight. As to an important part of the territory, Switzerland is, by express contract, entitled to a perpetual preemption; and, in general, as long as the population is satisfied with the present government, a gift of subjects to a neighboring despot is beyond the power of any sovereign. The imperial agents who relied on the alleged wishes of Savoy neglected to connect the supposed suffrage of the people with the previous concession of the prince. It is the instinct of tyranny and servility to distrust a show of right even when it seems to tell in their own favor.

Sir Robert Peel—who spoke, almost for the first time, with a dignity and judgment worthy of his name—did some injustice to

the English government when he pointed out the coincidence in date between the commercial treaty and the agitation of the Savoy question. Lord John Russell must be acquitted of any barter of honor for expected gain; but it is by no means certain that the emperor of the French may not have been encouraged in his designs by the knowledge that he had strengthened his alliance with England. The sudden and simultaneous publication of his intentions through several different channels was designed to silence opposition in France at the moment when it was thought that English politicians were less than usually disposed to watch French ambition with jealousy. The unexpected obstacles or protests which have thus far hindered the accomplishment of the scheme may probably explain the unfriendly policy which has recently been adopted towards Sardinia. As Savoy and Nice were to be the equivalent for the amalgamation of Central Italy with Piedmont, the breach of the supposed contract on one side is answered by a prohibition against the creation of a powerful Italian kingdom. It is difficult to believe that the establishment of an infantine king or the conversion of the Romagna into a vicariat, can be seriously proposed as a solution of the existing complications; but the scheme is so preposterous, and it proceeds from an author so powerful, that Sardinia may probably have been alarmed into a renewal of the negotiation for Savoy. It is, perhaps, not to be regretted that the Italians should be incessantly reminded of the true motives and character which belong to their imperial patron. The project which is tendered for their acceptance is professedly and ostentatiously calculated to perpetuate the weakness and division which the late war was finally to terminate.

Lord John Russell's apology for his ill-judged proposals to France and Austria must not be too severely criticised. His correspondence, as it appears in the blue-book, is, on the whole, distinguished by judgment, temperance, and clear-sighted tenacity of purpose. The foreign secretary saw from the first that the engagements of Villafranca were impracticable, and in adhering to the principle of non-intervention, he incidentally conferred substantial benefit on Italy. The proposal of a fresh vote was undoubtedly an error, and not justified, although it may be partially excused, by the supposed menace of renewed hostilities. The Austrians threatened that they would oppose the entrance of Sardinian troops into Central Italy, and the French announced a determination to accept their challenge. Lord John Russell, before he intervened in the character of a peacemaker, ought to have satisfied himself that



the collision was really about to take place. There was, in fact, no danger of war, for Austria dared not cross the Mincio, because the emperor of the French dared not permit her to cross it. As, however, the English proposals have happily been rejected, it is unnecessary to revive the memory of a harmless blunder. The Italians, who have hitherto baffled all the Protean intrigues of France, have the control of their destinies still in their own hands, if they persevere in their prudent policy. They cannot be compelled to accept a child king, or any other contrivance for dividing them, except by that employment of force which has hitherto been steadily disclaimed. If they carry out the annexation, Europe, though it may previously have questioned their competence, will recognize their act. When France seizes Savoy as a compensation for the disappointment, the patriotic leaders of Tuscany, of the duchies, and of Romagna, will not be responsible for the crime.

From The Saturday Review, 25th Feb.  
CHINA—ENGLAND—FRANCE.

It is a painful reflection that a large English force is about, in conjunction with a formidable French armament, to carry out in China a policy on which no two authorities seem to be agreed. The disaster of last autumn has rendered some active measures inevitable; but the English government can scarcely be too cautious, or too ready to welcome any honorable occasion of peace. In this complicated quarrel there is the singular peculiarity that a decisive victory would be almost as mischievous as a second defeat. The highly artificial organization of the Chinese government might perhaps be hopelessly deranged by a violent shock offered to its power and credit. It is impossible to manage that great and singular portion of the human race except by the machinery which they have provided for themselves. A conquest or treaty which involved the fall of the imperial government, would perhaps leave no authority standing with which it would be possible to deal. It is provoking that the bees so obstinately refuse access to their honey; but the state of affairs will not be improved by upsetting the hive.

Some useful suggestions will be found in a little pamphlet\* attributed to an officer and diplomatist who has had peculiar opportunities of understanding the Chinese question; and there will be little difference of

\* *Some Remarks on our Affairs in China.* London: Ridgway.

opinion as to the importance of his reference to the probable objects of the French expedition. "The partition of China," says the writer, "can conduce to no good interests of Great Britain; and it is to be regretted that circumstances should have made us the masters of the ceremonies to victors prone to conceive and agree upon grandiose ideas for the treatment of sick princes and disturbed people." Sir Henry Pottinger may perhaps have been justly blamed for contenting himself with the little speck of Hong Kong, but the conversion of Chusan into a French settlement would be much less satisfactory than the Chinese occupation of the island. As the French have little commerce in the seas of China, their military exertions may perhaps be attributed to a chivalrous desire to protect the Catholic missionaries; but the author of the pamphlet justly observes that an attack on the empire would greatly endanger the Christians, who, according to his account, at present suffer little persecution. It seems that, some years ago, a renegade convert denounced his brethren, and the European priest who taught them, to certain provincial mandarins. The governor-general of the province, after hushing up the inquiry, reported to the court of Peking that he could find no trace of the presence of any European. As it was impossible, he added, that a missionary could have escaped the vigilance of so many wise officials, he had thought fit, considering the improbability of the story and the admitted malignity of the accuser, to order him to be bastinadoed as a liar, and to dismiss the case. It is not likely that the same tolerant disposition would be displayed when twenty thousand defenders of the faith were in full march on Peking. The main inconvenience of co-operation with an equal ally consists in the difficulty of determining independently either on the conclusion of peace or on the continuance of the war. During the progress of hostilities there is a constant risk of collision, and an inevitable succession of occasions for jealousy. The successes or exploits of either ally will perhaps be proclaimed with equal resonance in London and in Paris. But the French press will never record a failure or a blunder of the French arms, while every English miscarriage will be published in all parts of Europe. As long as the joint expedition lasts, the leaders ought to consider it a point of honor to abstain from aggravating the difficulties of the undertaking by mutual complaints or by invidious criticism.

From The Examiner, 3 March.

# THE GREAT EXPEDITION TO CHINA.

THE answer of the secretary of state for India to a question put to him in his place in parliament, a few days ago, respecting the strength of the force intended for the third war with China, gives but a very inadequate account of it. It is to consist, we have good reason to believe, in so far as England is concerned, of eleven regiments of infantry, each 1,000 strong, that is of 11,000; of 200 European cavalry; of seven batteries of European artillery from India and one Armstrong battery from England, say 800 men; of three companies of European engineers, 300 men; of three battalions of marines, 3,000 men; of a like number of sailors to serve on land, 3,000; of five battalions of native infantry of Bengal, each 800 strong, or 4,000 men; of three battalions of Madras and Bombay, each 1,000 strong, or 3,000 men; of 300 native cavalry; of one battery native artillery, 100 men; and of 200 native sappers and miners.

The English portion of the allied army will, then, consist of 18,300 Europeans and 7,600 natives, or a total of 25,900 men, and adding to this 10,000 French infantry and cavalry and say half as many marines and sailors as our own, or 3,000, and the total expedition will amount to 38,900, exclusive of the allied navy, the base of operations lying out of sight of the coast. According to common report this mighty armada is to proceed to Northern China, and to effect a landing on the coast of the metropolitan province of the empire, which alone contains a population of 30,000,000, or more than that of the United

Kingdom. If Peking should be the destiny of the allied army, the distance from the nearest point of the coast is one hundred miles by roads, or rather paths, never trodden by an European soldier. To make this long march it has no adequate means of land-transport, nor, according to the best information we can obtain, the remotest possibility of obtaining it. A miracle, therefore, would alone convey it to Peking, and if it got there, success and defeat would be equally disastrous, the first involving the overthrow of the Chinese government, with the necessity of long occupation and perhaps of annexation, and the last the destruction of the allied army.

But whether on the coast of Peking or in the capital, the army, should it continue in Northern China but six short months, will have some severities of climate to encounter. It will begin with a fine summer ending in torrents of rain and cycloids, and this followed by a winter of Siberian rigor, when the thermometer falls occasionally in January to ten degrees below zero. The natives of Britain must be well clothed and sheltered to put up with this, and those of India, who never see ice above a sixpence thick on a sheltered puddle, must perish under it. We may consider ourselves in luck if we get off without a serious disaster to our troops, but to escape without the disaster of paying millions and an access to the income tax is hopeless. The expedition will be under the direction of two diplomatists, two generals, and two admirals, and if they agree their harmony will be wonderful. The whole affair strongly reminds us of one of Don Quixote's sallies.

So much has been said about the literary matter to be expected, posthumously, from Lord Macaulay, that the following notice by his publishers, Messrs. Longman, is worth putting on record, as an authoritative statement. "A desire having been very generally expressed that the essays contributed by Lord Macaulay to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, which have not been reprinted in the collected edition of his 'essays' should be made more accessible to the public, it has been decided to collect and publish them. To those will be added his biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and William Pitt, which originally appeared in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Besides these essays it is well known that there are various pieces of poetry in

*Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, as well as others existing only on manuscript in the hands of private persons; these will be collected and printed uniformly with 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.' These 'miscellanies,' with the 'Critical and Historical Essays,' will form a complete edition of 'Lord Macaulay's Miscellaneous Works.' With regard to Lord Macaulay's 'History of England,' it has been ascertained that some portion of an intended fifth volume has been left in manuscript, but circumstances will prevent an early publication." This account specifies, with sufficient plainness, all that the present generation are likely to obtain—"Diaries," "Private Correspondence," etc., may, perhaps, gladden the eyes of the "coming men" of the year A.D., 1900, or thereabout.—*Tribune*.

From The Saturday Review.

## DIARY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.\*

THESE volumes are a sort of substitute for the *Memoires pour servir* which are so fruitful a mine to the student who is exploring the history of an older nation. It would be vain to look for diaries and autobiographies from combatants in a war of independence. Such struggles are too stern and too engrossing to leave the actors in them much leisure for catering gossip and piquant anecdotes for the entertainment of posterity. Mr. Moore has attempted to supply their place by reprinting a laborious selection from the fugitive literature of the moment. He seeks his material in the lampoons and libels which the animosity of both sides furnished in abundance, in newspaper articles, and sometimes in unpublished letters. But, with the exception of the last sources of information, the substitute is hardly satisfactory. It has become the custom of historians to study, for the period of which they are treating, the pamphlets and broadsides which reflect every transient eddy of popular feeling, with an amount of devotion which is apt rather to limit than extend the comprehensiveness of their view. At best, such productions can only furnish the mere garnish of history—they are the most delusive of all guides to the substance of history itself. They record the feelings of those who write them, and possibly of a section who read them; but, in their record of facts, they substitute the colored and distorted perceptions of momentary animosity for the calmness of the memoir-writer, whose party passions have cooled in seclusion, and who can be little biassed by the posthumous prospect of sympathy and applause. But the periodical literature of the American Revolution is more than usually deceptive as a guide to the historian. There never was a contest in which the premium upon lying was so large. The Americans were fighting against a great empire, without any certain supply of men, money, or munitions. To make good this deficiency involved a constant and exhausting drain upon the mass of the peaceable inhabitants, which not only deprived them of the comforts, but often of the barest necessities of life. Such sacrifices could not but have had a damping effect upon an enthusiasm which, to a large number, must have seemed absolutely theoretic. The pressure of hardship, mutual jealousy, the apparent hopelessness of success, the certain disastrousness of failure, were always tempting the Americans to sluggishness, if not to

desertion. In such a state of popular feeling victory became a matter of prestige. It was almost of more importance to be thought triumphant than to be so. The representations of newspapers, the manipulation of intelligence, became a warlike weapon of the most deadly efficacy. The fortunes of the struggle depended in no small degree on the false fears or the false hopes that could be instilled into the American population. Accordingly, the journals published in America during the war became about as careful of the truth of their information as the *Moniteur* during a Napoleonic campaign. The wildest *canards* were circulated without scruple; the most liberal accusations of the foulest atrocities were bandied freely from side to side; and the most conflicting narratives were solemnly attested on each side concerning every one of the innumerable petty engagements of which the war was made up. The historical inquirer will see in these pages an accurate and most mournful picture of the fiendish passions which can be roused between kindred races by a petty cause of quarrel, and he may make a fair collection of tolerably clever parodies and pasquinades. But he will find it as difficult to draw genuine history from their contradictions as to extract the truth of a poisoning case from the disagreeing doctors who are examined upon the trial.

The feeling with which most Englishmen will rise from the perusal of this book will be one of sorrowful but profound contempt for the government under which their ancestors flourished in the good old days. Nobody, except perhaps Washington, appears in very noble colors; but the only actors who make a thoroughly despicable figure are the English ministers and their favorite generals. It was not that they committed here and there an isolated mistake—the demon of blundering possessed them from the very first measure to the very last of the twenty years' struggle. Without subscribing to all the imputations of tyranny in which the Americans vented the discontent that had been accumulating for many years, no one doubts that the taxation of so powerful a colony was, as a mere matter of state-craft, a mistake. If not a crime, it was certainly a blunder. The military operations, too, of the war on the English side are sufficiently infamous. No commander, probably throughout the whole course of the warlike history of England has surpassed Howe and Clinton in inefficiency, with the single exception of General White-locke, whose sinister fame is linked to the same fatal soil. But these errors hardly equalled the folly of the policy which was pursued between the first outbreak of discontent and the time when the armed con-

\* *Diary of the American Revolution.* By F. Moore. New York: Scribner. London: Low and Son. 1860.

fflict was commenced in earnest. It was not the policy of statesmen, but the policy which a spiteful woman pursues to obtain a household victory. The English government would not yield, and they either could not or would not take the steps necessary to conquer; and so they adopted a middle course, which conveniently combined the expenses of the one with the humiliations of the other. They did nothing to enforce obedience; but they did every thing to tease, to irritate, to exasperate. The shutting up of the port of Boston was not likely to cow the resistance or allay the resentment of a high-spirited people. The closing of the fisheries of Newfoundland to American enterprise had the effect of depriving numbers of their bread, and making it their interest to dare the utmost for the overthrow of the power that was ruining them; but it did not deprive the rebels of a single resource, or win back to loyalty a single wavering heart. The campaigns of many of the English commanders were carried on in the same spirit. They made war on peaceful industry, on defenceless commercial towns, on public buildings, on every thing except armed men. They undertook scarcely any great military enterprises, and generally contented themselves with sitting down in some seaport town until they were driven out of it; but to make amends, they destroyed every sort of property that they could reach without fighting a battle. Even before the Declaration of Independence had been made, they went on the principle that whatever was loss to America was gain to England; and, consequently, they conducted war on a system even more barbarous than is commonly adopted in contending with an alien nation. Having command of the sea, they bombarded and burnt petty seaport towns, which could not have been troublesome if they had wished. They forged imitation congress notes and circulated them by thousands, in order to depreciate the American currency. And General Gage even went so far as to transport to this country all the title deeds on which the New York proprietors depended for the possession of their estates—though, happily for our credit, his proceedings were not supported by the authorities at home. The tales of plunder, of cruelty, and of maltreatment of prisoners, with which the American papers, and even the congress reports, are rife; it is, of course, impossible to test. But their complaints are pitched in a tone, and repeated with a perseverance, to which Davoust's campaigns in Northern Germany furnish the nearest parallel. Throughout this disgraceful war, the maximum of mischief with the minimum of risk appears to have been the object of the English soldiery.

This was not the way to reconquer alienated affections. When Lord Cornwallis had taken Charleston, and found that none, even of those who submitted and stayed in the town, would speak to his officers, he is reported to have said, that, even if they should succeed in conquering the men, the heavier task would still remain of conquering the women. And one of the most striking features in this *Diary of the Revolution*, and the strongest proof of the exasperation that prevailed, is the prominent share taken by the women. They were all Joans of Arc or Maids of Saragossa in their way. In one place, we find an association of young ladies formed on the basis of refusing every lover who had not taken an active part in the revolutionary campaigns. In another, a "Tory," who, finding himself in exclusively feminine society, thinks that he can parade his sentiments with impunity, is set upon by the incensed Amazons, stripped incontinently to the waist, and tarred and feathered on the spot. In a third place, a party of ladies equally patriotic, hearing that an unworthy member of the sex had baptized her child by a Tory name—baptisms were a great subject for party demonstrations—marched up to her with the intention of visiting her with the same sort of summary justice; but, in this case, the victim had timely warning, and made off. And many other similar demonstrations of female patriotism are recorded in this book. But this exasperation of the enemies of England was not the only evil effect of the atrocities that disgraced the English arms. They had a direct tendency to alienate her friends. For the English ministers—and it is one of the circumstances that deepens the ignominy of their failure—had at first a very large support in native American opinion. Throughout the *Diary* we find the rebels very much more afraid of "Tories" than of British soldiers. In many states they attempted counter memorials and organizations. In North Carolina, a refugee Jacobite at the head of the Tories appeared in the field against the troops of congress; and Long Island was so completely and inveterately Tory, that it was found necessary to make a descent upon it from the mainland, and instil a wholesome Liberalism by force of arms. The following passionate appeal for an extension of this system of proselytism, which has always been popular in America, will give an idea of the extent to which the Tories might have been made available for the English cause, if common vigor or common temper had existed in the councils of the king:—

"Rouse, America! your danger is great—great from a quarter where you least expect it. The Tories, the Tories will yet be the ruin of

you! 'Tis high time they were separated from among you. They are now busy engaged in undermining your liberties. They have a thousand ways of doing it, and they make use of them all. Who were the occasion of this war? The Tories! Who persuaded the tyrant of Britain to prosecute it in a manner before unknown to civilized nations, and shocking even to barbarians? The Tories! Who prevailed on the savages of the wilderness to join the standard of the enemy? The Tories! Who have assisted the Indians in taking the scalp from the aged matron, the blooming fair one, the helpless infant, and the dying hero? The Tories! Who advised and who assisted in burning your towns, ravaging your country, and violating the chastity of your women? The Tories! Who are the occasion that thousands of you now mourn the loss of your dearest connections? The Tories! Who have always counteracted the endeavors of congress to secure the liberties of this country? The Tories! Who refused their money when as good as specie, though stamped with the image of his most sacred majesty? The Tories! Who continue to refuse it? The Tories! Who do all in their power to depreciate it? The Tories! Who propagate lies among us to discourage the Whigs? The Tories! Who corrupt the minds of the good people of these states by every species of insidious counsel? The Tories! Who hold a traitorous correspondence with the enemy? The Tories! Who daily send them intelligence? The Tories! Who take the oaths of allegiance to the States one day, and break them the next? The Tories! Who prevent your battalions from being filled? The Tories! Who dissuade men from entering the army? The Tories! Who persuade those who have enlisted to desert? The Tories! Who harbor those who do desert? The Tories! In short, who wish to see us conquered, to see us slaves, to see us hewers of wood and drawers of water? The Tories!

"And is it possible that we should suffer men, who have been guilty of all these and a thousand other calamities which this country has ex-

perienced, to live among us? To live among us, did I say? Nay, do they not move in our assemblies? Do they not insult us with their impudence? Do they not hold traitorous assemblies of their own? Do they not walk the streets at noon day, and taste the air of liberty? In short, do they not enjoy every privilege of the brave soldier who has spilt his blood, or the honest patriot who has sacrificed his all in our righteous cause? Yes—to our eternal shame be it spoken—they do."

Our failures in America carry with them a warning to England, most wholesome and necessary for these times, when people seem to think that victory can be secured by an infinite accumulation of Armstrong guns and Enfield rifles, and that all is done that need be done when our arsenals are stocked. The contest was utterly unequal. It was a wealthy empire against a famished, unarmed, distracted dependency. A few years before, in India and in Canada, English soldiers and generals had shown themselves not unworthy to be the countrymen of Marlborough. Nor had this American war any peculiar difficulties. It was no guerilla warfare amid mountain and morass, where discipline is unavailing against local knowledge. Almost all the important engagements were decided near the coast. And in many districts where the English fought, their enemies were almost outnumbered by their friends. But in spite of all these advantages there was one thing yet lacking to them, and that was—a tolerable commander. The consequence of this solitary but vital deficiency was, that they were completely and ignominiously defeated; and the chief fact which this six years' war has added to the military annals of England is, that an English army was twice out-maneuvred, surrounded, and taken prisoner by the ill-drilled and ill-found militiamen of Washington.

It is becoming a question with the trade, whether the process of "stereotyping" (to borrow a word from the French), is not carried too far. When the expectations of a very large sale are realized, it is a cheap method of manufacturing a book; but when they are fallacious, it causes a most unprofitable expenditure of capital, and, at the best, excludes the chance of corrections, too often perpetuating errors and shutting out improvements. Thus it is owing, no doubt, to the existence of a set of plates of "Hallam's

Works," dating many years back, that the American public are ignorant of an entire volume of additions and corrections by that writer to his most popular work, the "Middle Ages," and that students are kept pondering over the blunders of the first edition of Liddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon," while a fourth, nearly double in size, has been many years current in England. Other examples as striking might easily be named.—*Tribune.*